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KENILWORTH, A ROMANCE. BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY, &c.

SO much has been written, not only *by*, but *upon* the author of these celebrated works, that any attempt to say what would be new upon the subject is hopeless. We will therefore save our readers from that sort of impertinence, of which critics almost invariably think it necessary to be guilty ; nor trouble them by way of preliminary dissertation with our general view of the merits, means, and literary character of the writer of Kenilworth. Unless proceeding from a pen of very uncommon acuteness and sagacity, such performances are but tedious ; and we have assumed that the print of Kenilworth Castle would acceptably fill the space usually allotted to the introductory essay. It is besides a specimen of wood-cutting, and designates the principal spots mentioned of the scene where this interesting story is laid.

The romance of Kenilworth is founded on events connected with the life of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the cold-blooded and wicked favourite of Queen Elizabeth ; and comprehends (whence its title) the famous visit of her Majesty, in July 1575, to the Warwickshire Castle of that powerful peer. Leicester is drawn in a more favourable light than historical truth warrants, the author having skilfully thrown the most atrocious of his villanies upon his creature, Sir Richard Varney ; and invented circumstances to controul his course of action, rather than attribute it to an

inherent baseness of nature. In other respects, he has departed from the ground-work of fact, in prolonging the existence of Amy Robsart, the first wife of Leicester, and adding to her melancholy destinies a number of the occurrences which belong to the equally perturbed fate of his second lady, the daughter of Lord Effingham, and widow of John Lord Sheffield, whose forced marriage with Sir E. Stafford, and memorable law-suit, to establish the legitimacy of her children against the claims of Leicester's widow (the consort of Essex) have furnished many of the materials on which these volumes are constructed.

The tale opens with a description of the Bonny Black Bear Inn, at Cumnor near Oxford, kept by Giles Gosling, whose residence and evening's company are painted with picturesque effect. The latter are joined by a traveller, who soon proves himself to be Michael Lambourne, mine host's nephew, a worthless desperado, whose ancient repute is not forgotten, tho' near twenty years have elapsed since he bid a hasty farewell to his native village, during which period he had pursued a profligate career in various foreign lands. A deep carouse is the result of this return of the unrepentant prodigal ; and among his enquiries about his old companions, he learns that one of them, Anthony Foster, (otherwise called Fire-the-Faggot, from his having lighted the pile, at which

Latimer and Ridley were consumed,) is residing in a mysterious manner at Cumnor Place, originally an abode belonging to the Abbots of Abingdon. The conversation on this subject excites the attention of a stranger guest, who is sitting quietly near the chimney-corner, and who proves to be a Cornish gentleman, of the name of Tressilian, in quest of Amy Robsart, the fugitive daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Devonshire, (in the romance,—in reality of Norfolk,) and his own quondam love. Song and revel abound; and as Master Goldthred, the cutting mercer of Abingdon, (one of the convives) in a drinking troll, supplies us with the only poetical effusion in the book, we shall transfer it.

Of all the birds on bush or tree,

Commend me to the owl,
Since he may best ensample be
To those the cup that trowl.

For when the sun hath left the west,
He chuses the tree that he loves the best,
And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at
his jest;

Then though hours be late, and weather foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny
owl.

The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,
He sleeps in his nest till morn;
But my blessing upon the jolly owl,
That all night blows his horn.

Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech,
And match me this catch, though you swagger
and screech,

And drink till you wink, my merry men each;
For though hours be late, and weather be foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny
owl.

But matter of greater moment arises out of a bet between the singer and Lambourne, that the latter shall find access to his altered companion, and see the lady reported to be an inmate of this house. As the account of this affair is important to the future details, we shall quote the passage.

"Tony Foster lives and thrives," said the host.—"But, kinsman, I would not have you call him Tony Fire-the-Faggot, if you would not brook the stab." "How! is he grown ashamed on't?" said Lambourne; "why, he was wont to boast of it, and say he liked as well to see a roasted heretic, as a roasted ox." "Ay, but,

kinsman, that was in Mary's time," replied the landlord, "when Tony's Father was Reeve here to the Abbot of Abingdon. But since that, Tony married a pure precisian, and is as good a Protestant, I warrant you as the best." "And looks grave, and holds his head high, and scorns his old companion," said the mercer. "Then he hath prospered, I warrant him," said Lambourne; "for ever when a man hath got nobles of his own, he keeps out of the way of those whose exchequers lie in other men's purchase." "Prospered, quotha!" said the mercer, "why you remember Cumnor-Place, the old mansion-house beside the church-yard?" "By the same token, I robbed the orchard three times—what of that?—it was the old Abbot's residence when there was plague or sickness at Abingdon." "Ay," said the host, "but that has been long over; and Anthony Foster hath a right in it, and lives there by some grant from a great courtier, who had the church-lands from the crown; and there he dwells, and has as little to do with any poor wight in Cumnor, as if he were himself a belted knight." "Nay," said the mercer, "it is not altogether pride in Tony neither—there is a fair lady in the case, and Tony will scarce let the light of day look on her." "How," said Tressilian, who now for the first time interfered in their conversation, "did ye not say this Foster was married, and to a precisian?" "Married he was, and to as bitter a precisian as ever eat flesh in Lent; and a cat-and-dog life she led with Tony, as men said. But she is dead, rest be with her, and Tony hath but a slip of a daughter; so it is thought he means to wed this stranger, that men keep such a coil about." "And why so?—I mean, why do they keep a coil about her?"—said Tressilian. "Why, I wot not," answered the host, "except that men say she is as beautiful as an angel, and no one knows whence she comes, and every one wishes to know why she is kept so closely mew-ed up. For my part, I never saw her—you have, I think, Master Goldthred?" "That I have, old boy," said

the mercer. "Look you, I was riding hither from Abingdon—I passed under the east oriel window of the old mansion, where all the old saints and histories and such like are painted—It was not the common path I took, but one through the Park; for the postern-door was upon the latch, and I thought I might take the privilege of an old comrade to ride across through the trees, both for shading, as the day was somewhat hot, and for avoiding of dust, because I had on my peach-coloured doublet, pinked out with cloth of gold." "Which garment," said Michael Lambourne, "thou would'st willingly make twinkle in the eyes of a fair dame. Ah! villain, thou wilt never leave thy old tricks." "Not so—not so," said the mercer, with a smirking laugh; "not altogether so—but curiosity, thou knowest, and a strain of compassion withal,—for the poor young lady sees nothing from morn to even but Tony Foster, with his scowling black brows, his bull's head, and his bandy legs." "And thou would'st willingly shew her a dapper body, in a silken jerkin—a limb like a short-legged hen's in a cordovan boot, and a round, simpering, what d'ye lack, sort of a countenance, set off with a velvet bonnet, a Turkey feather, and a gilded brooch. Ah! jolly mercer, they who have good wares are fond to show them.—Come, gentles, let not the cup stand—here's to long spurs, short boots, full bonnets, and empty skulls!" "Nay, now, you are jealous of me, Mike," said Goldthred; "and yet my luck was but what might have happened to thee, or any man." "Marry confound thine impudence," retorted Lambourne; "thou would'st not compare thy pudding face, and sarsenet manners, to a gentleman and a soldier!" "Nay, my good sir," said Tressilian, "let me beseech you will not interrupt the gallant citizen; methinks he tells his tale so well, I could hearken to him till midnight." "It's more of your favour than of my desert," answered Master Goldthred; "but since I give you pleasure, worthy Master Tressilian, I shall proceed, maugre all

the jibes and quips of this valiant soldier, who, peradventure, hath had more cuffs than crowns in the Low Countries.—And so, sir, as I passed under the great painted window, leaving my rein loose, on my ambling palfrey's neck, partly for mine ease and partly that I might have the more leisure to peer about, I hears me the lattice open; and never credit me, sir, if there did not stand there the person of as fair a woman as ever crossed mine eyes, and I think I have looked on as many pretty wenches, and with as much judgment, as other folks." "May I ask her appearance, sir?" said Tressilian. "O sir," replied Master Goldthred, "I promise you she was in gentlewoman's attire—a very quaint and pleasing dress, that might have served the Queen herself; for she had a forepart with body and sleeves, of ginger-coloured satin, which, in my judgment, must have cost by the yard some thirty shillings, lined with murrey taffeta, and laid down and guarded with two broad laces of gold and silver. And her hat, sir, was truly the best-fashioned thing that I have seen in these parts, being of tawney taffeta, embroidered with scorpions of Venice gold, and having a border garnished with gold fringe;—I promise you, sir, an absolute and all surpassing device. Touching her skirts, they were in the old pass-devant fashion." "I did not ask you of her attire, sir," said Tressilian, who had shown some impatience during this conversation, "but of her complexion—the colour of her hair, her features." "Touching her complexion," answered the mercer, "I am not so special certain; but I marked that her fan had an ivory handle, curiously inlaid;—and then again, as to the colour of her hair, why, I can warrant, be its hue what it might, that she wore above it a net of green silk, parcel twisted with gold." "A most mercer-like memory," said Lambourne; "the gentleman asks him of the lady's beauty, and he talks of her fine clothes!" "I tell thee," said the mercer, somewhat disconcerted, "I had little time to look at her; for just as I was about to give her the good time of day, and

for that purpose had puckered my features with a smile"—"Like those of a jackanape, simpering at a chesnut," said Michael Lambourne. "—Up started of a sudden," continued Goldthred, without heeding the interruption, "Tony Foster himself, with a cudgel in his hand"—"And broke thy head across, I hope, for thine impertinence," said his entertainer. "That were more easily said than done," answered Goldthred indignantly; "no, no—there was no breaking of heads—it's true he advanced his cudgel, and spoke of laying on, and asked why I did not keep the public road, and such like; and I would have knocked him over the pate handsomely for his pains, only for the lady's presence, who might have swooned, for what I know." "Now, out upon thee for a faint spirit-ed slave!" said Lambourne; "what adventurous knight ever thought of the lady's terror, when he went to thwack giant, dragon, or magician, in her presence, and for her deliverance? But why talk to thee of dragons, who would be driven back by a dragon-fly? There thou hast missed the rarest opportunity!" "Take it thyself, then, bully Mike," answered Goldthred.—"Yonder is the enchanted Manor, and the dragon and the lady all at thy service, if thou dardest venture on them." "Why, so I would for a quartern of sack," said the soldier—"Or stay—I am foully out of linen—wilt thou bet a piece of Hollands against these five angels, that I go not up to the Hall to-morrow, and force Tony Foster to introduce me to his fair guest?" "I accept your wager," said the mercer; "and I think, though thou hadst even the impudence of the devil, I shall gain on thee this bout. Our landlord here shall hold stakes, and I will stake down gold till I send thee linen." "I will hold stakes on no such matter," said Gosling. "Good now, my kinsman, drink your wine in quiet, and let such adventures alone. I promise you, Master Foster hath interest enough to lay you up in lavender in the Castle at Oxford, or to get your legs made acquainted with the town-stocks." "That

would be but renewing an old intimacy; for Mike's shins and the town's wooden pinfold have been well known to each other ere now," said the mercer; "but he shall not budge from his wager, unless he means to pay forfeit." "Forfeit?" said Lambourne; "I scorn it. I value Tony Foster's wrath no more than a shelled pea-cod, and I will visit his Lindabrides, by Saint George, be he willing or no." "I would gladly pay your halves of the risk, sir," said Tressilian, "to be permitted to accompany you on the adventure." "In what would that advantage you, sir?" answered Lambourne. "In nothing, sir," said Tressilian, "unless to mark the skill and valour with which you conduct yourself. I am a traveller, who seeks for strange rencounters, and uncommon passages, as the knights of yore did after adventures, and feats of arms." "Nay, if it pleases you to see a trout tickled," answered Lambourne, "I care not how many witness my skill. And so here I drink to success to my enterprize; and he that will not pledge me on his knees is a rascal, and I will cut his legs off by the garters."

The result of this is a visit to Cumnor Place, where Tressilian discovers Amy Robsart, who is the secret wife of Leicester, though supposed by her friends to be the paramour of Varney. Varney himself he also encounters, and a combat ensues between them, which does not close with the death of the villain, only in consequence of the interference of Lambourne. Varney's state of mind is finely drawn—he exclaims:

"She loves me not—I would it were as true that I love not her—Idiot that I was, to move her in my own behalf, when wisdom bade me be a true broker to my lord!—And this fatal error has placed me more at her discretion than a wise man would willingly be at that of the best piece of painted Eve's flesh of them all. Since the hour that my policy made so perilous a slip, I cannot look at her without fear, and hate, and fondness, so strangely mingled, that I know not whether, were it at my choice,

I would rather possess or ruin her. But she must not leave this retreat until I am assured on what terms we are to stand. My lord's interest—and so far it is mine own—for if he sinks I fall in his train—demands concealment of his marriage—and besides I will not lend her my arm to climb to her chair of state, that she may set her foot on my neck when she is fairly seated. I must work an interest in her, either through fear—and who knows but I may yet reap the sweetest and best revenge from her former scorn?—that were indeed a master-piece of courtlike art—let me but once be her counsel-keeper—let her confide to me a secret, did it but concern the robbery of a linnet's nest, and, fair Countess, thou art mine own."

The apartments in which the secret and imprisoned wife reside, are magnificently painted: and present a grand example of the skill of the artist in this species of representation, which restores the age of Elizabeth to our eyes and minds.

But to resume the thread of the story;—After the encounter between Tressilian and Varney, the latter takes Lambourne into his service, and goes to Woodstock to his master the Earl of Leicester. The arrival of the precious pair is excellently characteristic of the truth with which the manners of the time are painted, and of the joyeuse tone which pervades these volumes and shows them to be the production of a master at ease as to his ability to accomplish his design.

Tressilian begins to act a conspicuous part. He avoids danger by hastily setting out for Lidcote Hall with the tidings he had gathered respecting Amy, to her disconsolate father. On his way, his horse casts a shoe, which accident brings him acquainted with Wayland Smith, an extraordinary character, who with the co-operation of an imp, Dickie Sludge, (very like the Goblin of Sir W. Scott!) sustains the reputation of a necromancer, and frightens and works for the whole neighbourhood.

Wayland has been a follower of Alasco, a vile quack who is afterwards

found in the train of Leicester, and answers to one of those characters of the Jew and Italian, which it is believed that nobleman maintained to commit his poisoning assassinations. He enters into the train of Tressilian, and accompanies him to Lidcote, where he cures Sir Hugh of the lethargick disorder, brought on by grief for his daughter. The following is the description of the old knight's return to reason:

"As Tressilian, his own eyes filling fast with tears, approached more and more nearly to the father of his betrothed bride, Sir Hugh's intelligence seemed to revive. He sighed heavily, as one who awakens from a state of stupor, a slight convulsion passed over his features, he opened his arms without speaking a word, and as Tressilian threw himself into them, he folded him to his bosom. "There is something left to live for yet," were the first words he uttered; and while he spoke, he gave vent to his feelings in a paroxysm of weeping, the tears chasing each other down his sun-burnt cheeks and long white beard. "I ne'er thought to have thanked God to see my master weep," said Will Badger; "but now I do, though I am like to weep for company." "I will ask thee no questions," said the old Knight; "no questions—none, Edmund—thou hast not found her, or so found her, that she were better lost."—Tressilian was unable to reply, otherwise than by putting his hands before his face. "It is enough—it is enough. But do not thou weep for her, Edmund. I have cause to weep, for she was my daughter,—thou hast cause to rejoice, that she did not become thy wife.—Great God! thou knowest best what is good for us—It was my nightly prayer that I should see Amy and Edmund wedded,—had it been granted, it had now been gall added to bitterness." "Be comforted, my friend," said the Curate, addressing Sir Hugh, "it cannot be that the daughter of all our hopes and affections is the vile creature you would bespeak her." "O, no," replied Sir Hugh, impatiently, "I were wrong to name broadly the base

thing she has become—there is some new name for it, I warrant me. It is honour enough for the daughter of an old De'nshire clown to be the lemman of a gay courtier,—of Varney too,—of Varney, whose grandsire was relieved by my father, when his fortune was broken, at the battle of—the battle of—where Richard was slain—out on my memory—and I warrant none of you will help me.’——‘The battle of Bosworth,’ said Master Mumblazen, ‘stricken between Richard Crookback and Henry Tudor, grandsire of the Queen that now is, Primo Henrici Septimi; and in the year one thousand four hundred and eighty five, *post Christum natum*.’ ‘Ay, even so,’ said the good Knight, ‘every child knows it—But my poor head forgets all it should remember, and remembers only what it would most willingly forget. My brain has been at fault, Tressilian, almost ever since thou hast been away, and even yet it hunts counter.’ ‘Your worship,’ said the good clergyman, ‘had better retire to your apartment, and try to sleep for a little space,—the physician left a composing draught,—and our Great Physician has commanded us to use earthly means, that we may be strengthened to sustain the trials he sends us.’ ‘True, true, old friend,’ said Sir Hugh, ‘and we will bear our trials manfully—We have lost but a woman.—See, Tressilian,’—he drew from his bosom a long ringlet of fair hair,—‘see this lock!—I tell thee, Edmund, the very night she disappeared, when she bid me good even, as she was wont, she hung about my neck, and fondled me more than usual; and I, like an old fool, held her by this lock, until she took her scissars, severed it, and left it in my hand,—as all I was ever to see more of her!’——Tressilian was unable to reply, well judging what a complication of feelings must have crossed the bosom of the unhappy fugitive at that cruel moment. The clergyman was about to speak, but Sir Hugh interrupted him. ‘I know what you would say, Master Curate,—after all, it is but a lock of woman’s tresses,—and by woman, shame, and

sin, and death, came into an innocent world—And learned Master Mumblazen, too, can say scholarly things of their inferiority.’ ‘*C’est l’homme,*’ said Master Mumblazen, ‘*qui se bast et qui conseille*.’ ‘True,’ said Sir Hugh, ‘and we will bear us, therefore, like men who have both mettle and wisdom in us.—Tressilian, thou art as welcome as if thou had brought better news. But we have spoken too long dry-lipped.—Amy, fill a cup of wine to Edmund, and another to me.’—Then instantly recollecting that he called upon her who could not hear, he shook his head, and said to the clergyman, ‘This grief is to my bewildered mind what the Church of Lidcote is to our park; we may lose ourselves among the briars and thickets, for a little space, but from the end of each avenue we see the old grey steeple and the grave of my forefathers. I would I were to travel that road to-morrow.’

Tressilian is now summoned by his patron, the Earl of Sussex, (Leicester’s rival,) and proceeds to court to attend him, and also to bring the case of Amy’s supposed seduction before the Queen.

The romance here enters more distinctly upon personages of historical note. The leaders themselves, and the contending factions of Leicester and Sussex are admirably portrayed; nor is the character of Elizabeth less powerfully delineated. Shakspeare, Sidney, Harrington, are slightly mentioned; but Raleigh’s earliest fortunes are happily combined with the romance.

The audience of the rival peers is a noble drama, which we lament our inability to transcribe. Leicester is obliged to dissemble, in order to avoid the storm of his royal mistress’s displeasure. And when the accusation respecting Amy Robsart is brought forward, compelled to sanction the falsehood of Varney, that she is his wife. In consequence of this, he regains his ascendancy as the favourite; and the Kenilworth Progress is resolved upon; Varney, however, being ordered to bring his lady thither.

Preparations are every where made for the visit to Kenilworth, and Varney

is dispatched by his lord to Cumnor-Place to induce Amy to the disguise of appearing there as his own wife, till Leicester's plans are ripe. This interview is admirable :

"Varney entered the room in the dress in which he had waited on his master that morning to court, the splendour of which made a strange contrast with the disorder arising from hasty riding, during a dark night and foul ways. His brow bore an anxious and hurried expression, as one who had that to say of which he doubts the reception, and who hath yet posted on from the necessity of communicating his tidings. The Countess's anxious eye at once caught the alarm, as she exclaimed, "You bring news from my lord, Master Varney—Gracious Heaven, is he ill?" "No, madam, thank Heaven!" said Varney. "Compose yourself, and permit me to take breath ere I communicate my tidings." "No breath, sir," replied the lady, impatiently; "I know your theatrical arts. Since your breath hath sufficed to bring you hither, it may suffice to tell your tale, at least briefly, and in the gross." "Madam," answered Varney, "we are not alone, and my lord's message was for your ear only." "Leave us, Janet, and Master Foster," said the lady; "but remain in the next apartment, and within call." Foster and his daughter retired, agreeably to the Lady Leicester's commands, into the next apartment, which was the withdrawing-room. The door which led from the sleeping-chamber was then carefully shut and bolted, and the father and daughter remained both in a posture of anxious attention, the first with a stern, suspicious, anxious cast of countenance, and Janet with folded hands, and looks which seemed divided betwixt her desire to know the fortunes of her mistress, and her prayers to Heaven for her safety. Anthony Foster seemed himself to have some idea of what was passing through his daughter's mind, for he crossed the apartment and took her anxiously by the hand, saying, "That is right—pray, Janet, pray—we have all need of prayers, and

some of us more than others. Pray, Janet—I would pray myself, but I must listen to what goes on within—evil has been brewing, love—evil has been brewing. God forgive our sins, but Varney's sudden and strange arrival bodes us no good." Janet had never before heard her father excite or even permit her attention to any thing which passed in their mysterious family, and now that he did so, his voice sounded in her ear—she knew not why—like that of a screech-owl denouncing some deed of terror and of woe. She turned her eyes fearfully towards the door, almost as if she expected some sounds of horror to be heard, or some sight of fear to display itself. All, however, was as still as death, and the voices of those who spake in the inner-chamber were, if they spoke at all, carefully subdued to a tone which could not be heard in the next. At once, however, they were heard to speak fast, thick, and hastily; and presently after the voice of the Countess was heard exclaiming, at the highest pitch to which indignation could raise it, "Undo the door, sir, I command you!—Undo the door!—I will have no other reply!"—she continued, drowning with her vehement accents the low and muttered sounds which Varney was heard to utter betwixt whiles. "What ho! without there!" she persisted, accompanying her words with shrieks, "Janet, alarm the house!—Foster, break open the door—I am detained here by a traitor!—Use axe and lever, Master Foster—I will be your warrant!" "It shall not need, madam," Varney was at length distinctly heard to say. "If you please to expose my lord's important concerns and your own to the general ear, I will not be your hindrance." The door was unlocked and thrown open, and Janet and her father rushed in, anxious to learn the cause of these reiterated exclamations. When they entered the apartment, Varney stood by the door grinding his teeth, with an expression in which rage, and shame, and fear, had each their share. The Countess stood in the midst of her apartment like a juvenile

Pythoness, under the influence of the prophetic fury. The veins in her beautiful forehead started into swollen blue lines through the hurried impulse of her articulation—her cheek and neck glowed like scarlet—her eyes were like those of an imprisoned eagle, flashing red lightning on the foes whom it cannot reach with its talons. Were it possible for one of the Graces to have been animated by a Fury, the countenance could not have united such beauty with so much hatred, scorn, defiance, and resentment. The gesture and attitude corresponded with the voice and looks, and altogether presented a spectacle which was at once beautiful and fearful; so much of the sublime had the energy of passion united with the Countess Amy's natural loveliness. Janet, as soon as the door was open, ran to her mistress; and more slowly, yet with more haste than he was wont, Anthony Foster went to Richard Varney. 'In the Truth's name, what ails your ladyship?' said the former. 'What, in the name of Satan, have you done to her?' said Foster to his friend. 'Who, I?—nothing,' answered Varney, but with sunken head and sullen; 'nothing but communicated to her her lord's commands, which if the lady list not to obey, she knows better how to answer it than I may pretend to do.' 'Now, by Heaven, Janet!' said the Countess, 'the false traitor lies in his throat! He must needs lie, for he speaks to the dishonour of my noble lord—he must needs lie doubly, for he speaks to gain ends of his own, equally execrable and unattainable.' 'You have misapprehended me, lady,' said Varney, with a sulky species of submission and apology; 'let this matter rest till your passion be abated, and I will explain all.' 'Thou shalt never have an opportunity to do so,' said the Countess.—'Look at him, Janet. He is fairly dressed, hath the outside of a gentleman, and hither he came to persuade me it was my lord's pleasure—nay, more, my wedded lord's commands, that I should go with him to Kenilworth, and before the Queen and

nobles, and in presence of my own wedded lord, that I should acknowledge him—*him* there—that very cloak-brushing, shoe-cleaning fellow—*him* there, my lord's lacquey, for my liege lord and husband; furnishing against myself, great God! whenever I was to claim my right and my rank, such weapons as would hew my just claim from the root, and destroy my character to be regarded as an honourable matron of the English nobility! * * *

* * * Never will I believe that the noble Dudley gave countenance to so dastardly, so dishonourable a plan. Thus I tread on his infamy, if his indeed it be, and thus destroy its remembrance for ever!' So saying, she tore in pieces Leicester's letter, and stamped, in the extremity of impatience, as if she would have annihilated the minute fragments into which she had rent it.

* * * 'I would I were a man but for five minutes! It were space enough to make a craven like thee confess his villainy. But go—begone—Tell thy master, that when I take the foul course to which such scandalous deceits as thou hast recommended on his behalf must necessarily lead me, I will give him a rival something worthy of the name. He shall not be supplanted by an ignominious lacquey, whose best fortune is to catch his master's last suit of clothes ere it is thread-bare, and who is only fit to seduce a suburb-wench by the bravery of new roses in his master's old pantofles. Go, begone, sir—I scorn thee so much, that I am ashamed to have been angry with thee.'

They attempt to poison her, but she is saved by an antidote given by Wayland, and finally escaping from Cumnor under the guidance of that individual, arrives after several interesting adventures at Kenilworth on the morning of the day whereon the Queen makes her entry.

By a strange fatality, the unhappy Countess is carried in her disguise to the apartment in Mervyn's Tower, which had been assigned to Tressilian; here they meet, and a most affecting scene ensues, in which the equivocal re-

lations of all the parties are more intricably involved.

Tressilian consents to keep the secret of Amy for twenty-four hours; but a letter to Leicester, apprizing him of her situation, unfortunately miscarries; and the scoundrel Varney has Wayland thrust out of the castle that he may carry his own infernal plot, unobstructed, into effect. The intricacies of the game which Leicester, his Countess, Tressilian, and Varney, are playing, become more and more perilous, as the Earl vacillates between his love for Amy, and his ambition to marry Elizabeth. The lone lady in her tower-chamber, forms an exquisite subject. While she was waiting here the ruffian Lambourne, supposing the room to contain a light love of Tressilian's, bursts open the door, and offers violence to the Countess. Her shrieks bring the tower-keeper to her aid, and while he struggles with Lambourne, she escapes into the garden. Here she is discovered by the Queen, and confesses her marriage with Leicester. Dread confusion ensues: the incensed princess hardly spares her favourite's life; but the tempest is appeased by new inventions and lies of Varney, who further infects his master's breast with foul suspicions of Amy's infidelity, amounting almost to certainty, so strong is the circumstantial chain of evidence, respecting her stay in Tressilian's chamber.

Our limits preclude us from the details, however, and we can only notice, that a very affecting meeting takes place between the Earl and Countess, that Varney obtains authority to carry her to Cumnor, and dispose of her, and that Leicester and Tressilian twice encounter with swords. The last of these combats leads to the catastrophe. Tressilian is disarmed, and on the point of being slain, when the Earl's hand is arrested by Dickie Sludge, and the too long lost letter from Amy is delivered to him. This explains all, and the distracted Earl speeds away Tressilian, to save poor Amy from Varney's murderous machinations. But before concluding her fatal story, we ought to ex-

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tract the scene in which the effect of Leicester's treachery is exhibited with regard to the Queen; but our limits forbid, and we proceed to the catastrophe.

The victim of Varney is hurried to Cumnor, and on the way Lambourne is shot by his master, to destroy the evidence of a merciful order, of which he is the bearer from the Earl. At Cumnor, Alasco is found dead in his laboratory, destroyed by the fumes of one of his own infernal preparations. The task of murdering the hapless lady therefore devolves on Varney himself; and he accomplishes it by causing her to precipitate herself down a fearful abyss.

"On the next day, when evening approached, Varney summoned Foster to the execution of their plan. Tider and Foster's old man-servant were sent on a feigned errand down to the village, and Anthony himself, as if anxious to see that the Countess suffered no want of accommodation, visited her place of confinement. He was so much staggered at the mildness and patience with which she seemed to endure her confinement, that he could not help earnestly recommending to her not to cross the threshold on any account whatsoever, until Lord Leicester should come, 'Which,' he added, 'I trust in God, will be very soon.' Amy patiently promised that she would resign herself to her fate, and Foster returned to his hardened companion with his conscience half-eased of the perilous load which weighed on it. 'I have warned her,' he said; 'surely in vain is the snare set in the sight of any bird.' He left, therefore, the Countess's door unsecured on the outside, and withdrew the supports which sustained the falling trap, which, therefore kept its level position merely through a slight adhesion. They then withdrew to wait the issue on the ground-floor adjoining, but they waited long in vain. At length Varney, after walking long to and fro, with his face muffled in his cloak, threw it suddenly back, and said, 'Surely never was a woman fool enough to neglect so fair an opportunity of escape.' 'Per-

haps she is resolved,' said Foster, 'to await her husband's return.' 'True—most true,' said Varney, rushing out, 'I had not thought of that before.' In less than two minutes, Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the court-yard, with a whistle similar to that which was the Earl's usual signal;—and the instant after the door of the Countess's chamber opened, and the trap-door gave way. There was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over. At the same instant, Varney called in at the window, in an accent and tone which was an indescribable mixture betwixt horror and raillery, 'Is the bird caught?—Is the deed done?' 'O God, forgive us!' replied Anthony Foster. 'Why, thou fool,' said Varney, 'thy toil is ended, and thy reward secure. Look down into the vault—what seest thou?' 'I see only a heap of white clothes, like a snow-drift,' said Foster. 'O God, she moves her arm!' 'Hurl something down on her—Thy gold chest, Tony—it is an heavy one.' 'Varney, thou art an incarnate fiend!' replied Foster;—'There needs nothing more—She is gone!' 'So pass our troubles,' said Varney, entering the room; 'I dreamed not I could have mimicked the Earl's call so well. Let us now think how the alarm should be given,—the body is to remain where it is.' But their wickedness was to be permitted no longer;—for, even while they were at this consultation, Tressilian and Raleigh broke in upon them, having obtained admittance by means of the servants whom they had secured at the village. Foster fled; and, knowing each corner and pass of the intricate old house, escaped all search. But Varney was taken on the spot; and, instead of expressing compunction for what he had done, seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in pointing out to them the remains of the murdered Countess, while at the same time he defied them to shew that he had any share in her death. The despairing grief of Tressilian, on viewing the mangled and yet warm remains of what had lately

been so lovely and beloved, was such, that Raleigh was compelled to have him removed from the place by force, while he himself assumed the direction of what was to be done. Varney, upon a second examination, made very little mystery either of the crime or of its motives; alleging as a reason for his frankness, that though much of what he confessed could only have attached to him by suspicion, yet that suspicion would have been sufficient to deprive him of Leicester's confidence, and to destroy all his towering plans of ambition. 'I was not born,' he said, 'to drag on the remainder of life a degraded outcast,—nor will I so die, that my fate shall make a holiday to the vulgar herd.'—From these words it was apprehended he had some design upon himself, and he was carefully deprived of all means by which such could be carried into execution. But like some of the heroes of antiquity, he carried about his person a small quantity of strong poison, prepared probably by the celebrated Demetrius Alasco. Having swallowed this potion over-night, he was found next morning dead in his cell; nor did he appear to have suffered much agony, his countenance presenting, even in death, the habitual expression of sneering sarcasm, which was predominant while he lived. The wicked man, saith scripture, hath no bonds in his death.

"The fate of his colleague in wickedness was long unknown. Cumnor-Place was deserted immediately after the murder; for, in the vicinity of what was called the Lady Dudley's Chamber, the domestics pretended to hear groans and screams, and other supernatural noises. After a certain length of time, Janet hearing no tidings of her father, became the uncontrolled mistress of his property, and conferred it with her hand upon Wayland, who had become a man of settled character, and had a place in Elizabeth's household. But it had been after they had been both dead for some years, that their eldest son and heir, in making some researches about Cumnor-Hall, discovered a

secret passage, closed by an iron door, which, opening from under the bed in the Lady Dudley's Chamber descended to a sort of a cell, in which they found an iron chest containing a quantity of gold, and a human skeleton stretched above it. The fate of Anthony Foster was now manifest. He had fled to this place of concealment, forgetting the key of the spring-lock, and secured from escape, by the means he had used for preservation of that gold, for which he had sold his salvation, he had there perished miserably. Unquestionably the groans and screams heard by the domestics were not entirely imaginary, but were those of this wretch, who, in his agony, was crying for relief and succour.

"The news of the Countess's dreadful fate put a sudden period to the pleasures of Kenilworth. Leicester retired from court, and for a considerable time abandoned himself to his distress. But as Varney in his declaration had been studious to spare the character of his patron, he was the object rather of compassion than resentment. The Queen at length recalled him to court; he was once more distinguished as a statesman and favourite, and the rest of his career is well known to history. But there was something retributive in his death, if according to an account very generally received, it took place from his swallowing a draught of poison, which was designed for another person.

"Sir Hugh Robsart died very soon after his daughter, having settled his estate on Tressilian. But neither the prospect of rural independence, nor promises of favour which Elizabeth held out to induce him to follow the court, could remove his profound melancholy. Wherever he went, he seemed to see before him the disfigured corpse of the early and only object of his affection. At length, having made provision for the maintenance of the old friends and old servants of Sir Hugh's family at Lidcote-Hall, he himself embarked with his friend Raleigh for the Virginia expedition, and, young in years, but old in griefs, died before his day in that foreign land."

Such is Kenilworth, at least so far as we can shew it, for it is not in our power to mark the multitude of isolated beauties which grace the narration, and afford delightful proof of the genius of the author in touches of nature, exquisite similies, and minor charms, which, though delicious in the garden where they grow, are not susceptible of transplantation. Nor shall we prolong this article by expressions of our opinions, further than to say, that Kenilworth appears to us to be peculiarly dramatic in its construction, and only less romantic than *Ivanhoe*. As a panorama of the age of Elizabeth, it is surpassing; as a story, not unlike the fine novel of *The Recess*; and as a work of general interest, worthy of its author.

A JOURNEY TO PALMYRA, OR TADMOR IN THE DESERT, WITH A SHORT ENQUIRY RELATIVE TO THE WIND OF THE DESERT CALLED SAMIELI.

By Count Wenceslaus Rzewusky.

PALMYRA, or Tadmor situated in the arid and burning Desert of Arabia (the province of Hauran), is too interesting not to excite the curiosity of every traveller who loves to carry back his imagination to the remotest periods of antiquity, and to contemplate among majestic ruins, the vicissitudes of fortune. Once splendid, and

celebrated for its luxury and its commerce, interesting from the misfortunes of the warlike and proud Zenobia, Palmyra, whose temple rivalled in riches the most magnificent edifices, the number of whose columns seemed to equal that of the stars, is now only a heap of overthrown columns, of insulated colonnades, of broken capitals, and decay-

ed porticoes. Koehla and Ada, two mountains at the foot of which Palmyra is situated, and which the Bedouins often celebrate in their poetry, no more re-echo to the cheerful songs of an industrious and prosperous people. Gloomy Silence, the presiding genius of the waste, has succeeded to the hymns and songs of joy; and the Arab alone, armed with his lance, and mounted on his spirited mare, sometimes animates this solitude. There leaning on the tombs which cover the heights, he meditates the commission of some crime; he watches the favourable moment; or endeavours to surprise the ostrich for the sake of its feathers. The statues which adorned the temples and the galleries, are buried under deep sand, which the winds have been amassing for centuries. The sanctuary of the Sun has become a wretched hamlet, and its fine remains serve as vaults, or as walls to the miserable sheds which some poor inhabitants have fixed to them, and who daily abandon them, never to return. It is in the midst of these ruins that the eye of the philosopher is struck with the unequal combat between Time and Industry. It is on these precious remains that History and Tradition sound their triumph; before them, Time is compelled to humble his destroying scythe. It is through them that a single fragment rebuilds an entire space, that a single name re-animates whole nations. Time thus yields his sceptre to Memory, and Antiquity receives the homage which is its due.

There are travellers who prefer Balbec to Palmyra; but I am not of this opinion. Situated in the rich and fruitful valley of the Bequaa, enclosed in a more confined space, circumscribed within narrower limits, Balbec offers ruins, the *ensemble* of which is more easily embraced. Palmyra engages both the mind and the heart: they dwell, by turns, on the immensity of these ruins; on the romantic history of a warlike and unfortunate princess; on periods of glory and humiliation; on the mysteries of an ancient and natural religion. Balbec was the work of the Romans only. Sacred history, its own,

with which we are unhappily too little acquainted, and that also of the Romans, are connected with Palmyra. At Balbec all is great; at Palmyra all is immense. A valley sufficed for Balbec; the Desert, that solid ocean, was reserved for Palmyra.

It was on the 17th of June 1819, that I set out from Aleppo by the Desert to visit Tadmor. This route, according to the accounts of the people of Aleppo, has not been taken by any one except Scheik Ibrahim (Mr. Burckhardt.) I incurred great dangers during the twenty-three days that I remained in the Desert, in the hands of the *Quazé* guides. I bore the name of the Emir Tage ol Fakhr (*crown of glory*), the translation of my Polish Christian name, Wien-cryslau. I owed this danger to the great celebrity which I had acquired among the Bedouins, on the various occasions when I visited them. I was considered by them as the great Emir of the Bedouin tribes of the North. My hardy and active mode of life, my manner of riding on horseback, the management of the lance and the sabre, which exercises are familiar to all true Poles from their childhood; some acts of generosity, a great knowledge of the races of horses of the Nedjed, and of their distinguishing characteristics, proved by examinations which I was obliged to undergo among the tribes of Hosueh, of Weled-Aly, of Sebah, and of the Fidanes---every thing, in short, caused me to be compared with the favourite hero of the Arabs, the celebrated Antar. Verses were sung in my praise among the tribes, and thus my name was spread in the Desert; and, as I afterwards learnt, it penetrated to the remotest part of Arabia. At the time when I determined to leave Aleppo, the Desert was in combustion. The tribe of Weled-Aly had just cut to pieces a body of Delibaches of the Pacha of Damascus. The Wechabites had begun again to act offensively; many Sheiks had been arrested and detained by the Pacha of Bagdad, and their tribes roamed about without guides. My appearance in the Desert put all these tribes in motion to seize me. I had

been betrayed at Aleppo, and they were informed of my departure from that city before I had quitted it. They desired to make themselves masters of my person, in order to obtain their sheiks in exchange. The merchants of Bagdad, and Picciotto, the consuls, informed me of all this. However I resolved to set out, depending on my good fortune, which has never deserted me. I was accompanied by M. Antoine Rossel, my interpreter, an active and intelligent young man, who was connected with the first families of Aleppo, and whose conduct I cannot sufficiently praise. I took some dromedaries, and repaired to the encampment of Auazés Fidanes, at Tal el Sultan; which I left two days after at nine o'clock in the evening, the night being very dark, directing my course by the stars. The time which I had chosen for this journey was so dangerous, that some Englishmen, notwithstanding the assistance afforded them by the Pacha of Damascus, and the Mutesellims could not execute their plan, were plundered, even wounded, and turned back without having seen Palmyra. These same Mutesellims could hardly believe that I had been there; and when they were convinced of it, they found my expedition so bold, that they gave me the name of El Fiddavi; *i. e.* *the Devoted*.

My journey through the Desert from the gates of Aleppo had more than one purpose. The following are my reasons for choosing that direction: Palmyra being the principal object, it enabled me to observe the Desert in a direction which it was necessary for me to know in a geographical point of view; I wished to see several Bedouin encampments, to obtain a sight of their horses; and, lastly, to learn the nature of the celebrated wind called the Samieli. It was, in fact, the season when it is prevalent. I do not intend to speak here of the ruins of Palmyra. I refer the reader to the work of Mr. R. Wood, which I have found correct in every particular, as well as his engravings, with the exception of some differences which time has occasioned. That traveller visited Palmyra in 1751. Since his time, the sand having accu-

mulated, the general aspect of the proportions has partly changed; there are also several columns marked in the plates, which now no longer exist. I reserve for another memoir my observations on the profile of the Desert. A separate notice also will be dedicated to the Arabian horses; I have brought back four of the first races. Here I shall speak only of the Desert-wind called samieli.

This pestilential wind which is felt in the deserts of Arabia, and which causes the death of so many pilgrims going to Mecca, is called in literal Arabic *summoun*, which means *burning wind blowing at intervals and by night*. It is likewise called *harrou* the burning night-wind. The difference between the denominations *sammoun* and *harrou* is, that the former includes an idea of poison. In fact, the root of *samum*, is *sammu* to *administer poison*; *sammon* means *poison*, *saammon* *poisoned*. The Arabs of the Desert call it *sumbuli*, which appears to me to be a compound of *sam*, poison, and of *ballaton*, humidity, moisture; or *ballaton*, *humid wind*, which *excites moisture*. Such I take to be the origin of the word *sumbuli*. I think we should say *saam ballaton*, that is, *poisoned wind, humid, and causing moisture*. By humid we are not to understand aqueous, bringing rain, but loaded with vapour. The Turks call it *samieli*.

The Samieli, or Sumbuli, is felt in the Desert from about the middle of June to the 21st of September. It is experienced with a very violent southwest wind, and on those days when the heat of the sun is the most ardent. It is burning; it comes in gusts, more or less scorching, of more or less duration; each of them, however, even the shortest, exceeds the time that a man can hold his breath. This wind consists in a succession of burning and cool gusts. In the first, there is frequently a double degree of heat and impetuosity. The difference between the hot and the cold gusts according to my observation, is from 7 to 10 degrees. The highest degree of the hot gusts was 63° of Reaumur; the temperature in the sun,

without the samieli, having been constantly from 43° to 47° . I thought I could observe that when this wind blows, a yellowish tinge, inclining to livid, is diffused through the atmosphere; and that in its most violent periods, the sun becomes of a deep red. Its odour is infectious and sulphureous; it is thick and heavy, and when its heat increases, it almost causes suffocation. It occasions a pretty copious perspiration, partly excited by the uneasiness which one feels, and the difficulty with which one breathes on account of its foetid quality. This perspiration appeared to me more dense and viscous than the natural perspiration: the wind itself deposits an unctuous fluid. The better to examine its qualities and its nature, I opened my mouth to inhale it; the palate and throat were instantly parched. It produces the same effect when inhaled through the nostrils, but more slowly. To preserve one's self from it, and keep the respiration more free, it is usual to wrap up the face with a handkerchief. In passing through the tissue it loses a part of its action and of its destructive principle; and besides, the breath keeps up a degree of humidity, and hinders the burning air from suddenly penetrating into the mouth and lungs. The Arabs, therefore, are accustomed, whatever the heat may be, even in the shade, to wrap the whole body, not excepting the head, in their *mesehlah* (cloak), if they desire to sleep. This wind causes, by the rarefaction that attends it, a pretty strong agitation in the blood; and this increased movement soon brings on weakness. It in general produces on man two effects distinctly characterized. It strikes him mortally with a kind of asphyxy, or causes him a great debility. In the first case nature sometimes comes to the relief of the sufferer by a discharge of blood with the urine. The corpse of a person so suffocated has this peculiarity, that in a few days, or even hours, as some Arabs affirm, the limbs separate at the joints with the slightest effort; so powerful is the action of the poison even on the muscular parts, giving an astonishing activity to the prog-

ress of putrefaction. Such a corpse is reputed contagious. I know nothing so terrible as this wind: I felt it almost constantly in the Desert, bating some interruptions, one of which was for three days and three nights successively. My interpreter, Mr. Rossel, was struck by it, but escaped death by a discharge of blood. That which confirms what I have said of the separation of the limbs, is, that, having been struck by this air, I was affected for some weeks with an extreme weakness; and whenever the least warm wind blew on me, I felt a great faintness, and perceived in my joints a relaxation of the muscles.

The dangers of this wind are guarded against by inhaling the fumes of good vinegar, and by covering the face with the handkerchief. I asked the Arabs if lying down on the ground was a preservative against it: they assured me it was not. I should be inclined myself to think it prejudicial. The description which M. Volney gives of the samieli, called in Egypt *khamzin* (the wind of fifty days), does not seem to me exact. What Niebuhr says of it did not strike me sufficiently to relate it here. The observations which I have now made are founded on my own experience.

The period at which the samieli is felt, is between the middle of June and the 21st of September. It blows sometimes one, two, or three days and nights successively, and never exceeds the number of seven. Between its appearances there are sometimes intervals of from three to ten days, and even fifteen; not that the wind ceases to blow, but because having been carried in different directions, it is felt in one place after having visited another. The epoch of the samieli coincides with the extraordinary variation of the Nile, namely, between the summer solstice and the autumnal equinox.

During six months, from the autumnal to the vernal equinox, the sun traverses the ecliptic between the equator and the tropic of Capricorn; that is to say, he visits the part of the globe where there are great masses of water. His action then increases in the southern

hemisphere, in proportion as, on account of its obliquity, it diminishes in the solid northern hemisphere. It is natural that the evaporations occasioned by the solar orb in this liquid hemisphere should produce that immense succession of clouds, which dissolves in rain into the upper bason of the *plateau* of Africa, or is preserved in snows deposited on the heights which surround that bason, of which the Niger is the last receptacle. These accumulated rains, and the melting of the snows, are the cause of the rise of the Nile; and at the same time make the Niger communicate with that river.

It is bold in me to express, as principles, results of my geographical labours before I have submitted my whole work to the public, and awaited its fate. Requesting the patience and indulgence of my reader, I, however, venture to declare my opinions.

"The interior of every continent is a vast *plateau*, elevated, concave, containing by its nature many marshes and sulphureous springs, having a proclivity towards one of its sides, and the contour of which corresponds with the contours actually known of that continent. The profile of this continent is composed of as many principal terraces as there have been principal epochs in the successive subsiding of the seas." The examination of Europe and Asia has furnished me with this result. I laid it before my uncle, Count John Potocki, who approved it, and that emboldens me to publish it here.

The superior *plateau* of Africa, then, is a bason surrounded with eminences, the bottom of which is traversed from west to east by the Niger, and the proclivity of which is consequently in the same direction. The valley of the Nile is lateral to this direction; that is, the course of the Niger is at right angles to that of the Nile. There is between both a tract of ground, the elevation of which is such as, at the time of low water, to hinder the Niger from flowing into the Nile. The Wangara is the lake in which all the waters of the bason unite, where they stagnate and corrupt for want of a vent.

When the aun, after the autumnal equinox, sends towards this *plateau* the great rains and snows, the mass of the waters augmented by the rains only, is not sufficient to rise above the level. Thus this bason is filled towards the Wangara with an immense quantity of water. The season, as well as the great elevation of the *plateau*, then, hinder these waters, though stagnant, from corrupting and emitting their mephitic gas. After the vernal equinox, the melting of the snows being completed between the beginning of May and the summer solstice, the mass of waters rises above the level, and opens the communication between the two rivers: and it is about the summer solstice that the Nile begins to rise. This evacuation of the Wangara into the Nile would, perhaps, be more prompt but for the north winds, which retard it by driving back the waters of the Nile. It is, however, effected; the Nile receives the greenish tinge of the stagnant waters; and in the neighbourhood of the Wangara, this evacuation uncovers immense marshes, which were just before submerged.

The sun, returning towards the Line, occasions a great evaporation of mephitic gasses, in the bason of Africa, which had been heated and prepared for this great evaporation by the passage of that luminary from the equinox to the solstice, and then by its return from the solstice to the equinox. Amidst these causes of corruption, how many insects, reptiles, and animals are there in all this marshy bason which daily perish! We know from Herodotus, that the three brothers Nasamones, after having ascended the northern rampart of this bason, had large marshes to cross, in order to reach to the Niger. In the environs of the Wangara, there is formed an atmospherical stratum, heavy, offensive to the smell, and pestiferous, which is renewed in proportion as the wind has carried it away. It is a continual developement of mephitic gas and noxious exhalations Timbuctoo, and the Upper Niger, being on a higher level, the putrefied gas formed there would sink in consequence of its specific gravity, and be drawn by

the current of the river, or be simply carried away by the west wind, and increase the mass which hangs over the Wangara, and would leave that city free from the scourge.

I cannot concur in the opinion of Captain Maxwell, who supposes that the Niger, after having traversed the Wangara empties itself into the Atlantic Ocean, in the 6th degree of south latitude, by the name of the Congo or Zaire, or between the 5th and 6th degrees of north latitude, into the Gulf of Guinea. If this were so, the upper bason having a regular evacuation, the increase of the Nile and the samieli would be inexplicable.

Such, then, is the state of the interior of this bason, when sometimes the south, sometimes the west wind, begins to reign there. A high wind arriving at the superior *plateau* of Africa, carries away, and drives before it, the air heated by the sun, and infected by the fœtid exhalations, and bears it sometimes to Arabia, into the *Hegias*, where it destroys the pilgrims of Mecca, or into Syria, where I felt it. This air, thus impelled by a strong wind, either passes over the mountainous chain of Syria, or striking it at some point of its elevation, and being compressed on one side by the mountains, on the other by a column of wind, flies off at a tangent, and rises above the mountains. By its specific gravity, it would tend to fall on the reverse of the obstacle surmounted; but still impelled by the same wind, it describes a curve, and

does not strike the Desert till it reaches a point at the distance of a day and a half's journey. What proves this correct is, that the coast of Syria feels only a hot wind, but never the offensive samieli; and that the whole tract along the foot of Libanus, and Anti-Libanus, of a breadth of from fifteen to twenty leagues, is also exempt from it. Hama, Homs, Damascus, &c. know nothing of the samieli. The mixture of burning and cool gusts is caused by the heated mephitic gas passing first, and because the wind which impels it has not become heated. The marshes of the Wangara instantly reproduce an ardent mass of mephitic gas, which a new gust of wind takes and impels before it.

Such, I presume, is the origin of the famous samieli. It is, I think, on the marshes of the Wangara, on the immense *plateau* of Africa, that its true source is to be sought.

At Bagdad this wind, coming from the north, strikes against the chain of mountains which pass near Sohneh, and which go obliquely from the north to the south-west, and meet the Euphrates to the north of that city, at the distance of three days' journey. Bagdad is at the bottom of the valley of the Euphrates, the ridge which separates that river from the Orontes, is of a great elevation; the wind cannot come there but by surmounting, gliding over the eastern slope of the valley of the Orontes, and having struck the chain in question, taking a direction analogous to its course.

ACCOUNT OF ROBIN HOOD.

Mr. Urban,

Dec. 5, 1820.

THE following account of Robert Earl of Huntington, extracted from "Hargrove's Anecdotes of Archery," may be interesting to your readers:

"During the reign of Richard I. we first find mention made of *Robin Hood*, who hath been so long celebrated as the Chief of English Archers.

The intestine troubles of England were very great at that time, and the country every where infested with out-

laws and banditti: amongst whom none were so famous as this sylvan hero and his followers, whom Stow, in his Annals, styles *renowned thieves*. The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle, of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have ever since rendered him the favourite of the common people.

Sir Edward Coke, in his 3d Institute, speaks of Robin Hood, and says, that

men of his lawless profession were from him called *Roberdsmen* : he says, that this notable thief gave not only a name to these kind of men, but mentions a bay on the Yorkshire coast, called *Robin Hood's Bay*. He adds, that the Statute of Winchester, 13th of Edw. I. and another Statute of the 5th of Edw. III. were made for the punishment of *Roberdsmen*, and other felons.

Who was the author of the collection called "*Robin Hood's Garland*," no one has yet pretended to guess. As some of the songs have more of the spirit of poetry than others, it is probably the work of various hands : that it has from time to time been varied and adapted to the phrase of the times is certain.

Hearne, in his Glossary, inserts a manuscript note out of Wood, containing a passage cited from John Major, the Scottish historian, to this purpose ; that Robin Hood was indeed an arch robber, but the gentlest thief that ever was : and says he might have added from the Harleian MSS. of John Fordun's Scottish Chronicle, that he was, though a notorious robber, a man of great charity.

The true name of Robin Hood, was Robert Fitz-ooth, the addition of *Fitz*, common to many Norman names, was afterwards often omitted or dropped. The two last letters *th* being turned into *d*, he was called by the common people *Ood* or *Hood*. In the old *Garland* he is said to have been born at Loxley in Staffordshire ; and in a shooting match*, made by the King and Queen, being chose by the latter for her archer, she calls him *Loxley* : a custom very common in those days to call persons of eminence by the name of the town where they were born.

It does not appear that our hero had any estate ; perhaps he or his father might be deprived of that on some political account ; attainders and confiscations being very frequent in those days

of Norman tyranny and feudal oppression. In the 19th of Henry II. when the son of that king rebelled against his father, Robert de Ferrers manned his castles of Tutbury and Duffield in behalf of the prince. William Fitz-ooth, father of our hero (supposing him connected with the Ferrers, to which his dwelling at Loxley† seems to point), might suffer with them in the consequences of that rebellion, which would not only deprive the family of their estates, but also of their claim to the Earldom of Huntington. From some such cause our hero might be induced to take refuge in those woods and forests, where the bold adventurer,—whether flying from the demands of his injured country, or to avoid the ruthless hand of tyrannic power,—had often found a safe and secure retreat.

Tutbury, and other places in the vicinity of his native town, seem to have been the scene of his juvenile frolics. We afterwards find him at the head of 200 strong resolute men, and expert archers, ranging the woods and forests of Nottinghamshire, Yorkshire, and other parts of the North of England.

Charton, in his History of Whitby Abbey, recites, "That in the days of Abbot Richard, this freebooter, when closely pursued by the civil or military power, found it necessary to leave his usual haunts, and retreating across the moors that surrounded Whitby, came to the sea coast, where he always had in readiness some small fishing vessels ; and in these, putting off to sea, he looked upon himself as quite secure, and held the whole power of the English nation at defiance. The chief place of his resort at these times, and where his boats were generally laid up, was about six miles from Whitby, and is still called *Robin Hood's Bay*." Tradition further informs us, that in one of these peregrinations he, attended by his Lieutenant, John Little, went to dine‡ with

* On this occasion we are told, that Robin Hood was dressed in scarlet, and his men in green ; and that they all wore black hats and white feathers.

† The Ferrers were Lords of Loxley.—The name of Loxley has been adopted for this chivalrous Outlaw by the very intelligent Author of "*Ivanhoe*." And *Robin Hood* has been given as a Christian name by the present Earl of Huntington to one of his youngest sons.

‡ Possibly without invitation.

Abbot Richard, who, having heard them often famed for their great dexterity in shooting with the long-bow, begged them after dinner to show him a specimen thereof; when to oblige the Abbot, they went up to the top of the Abbey, whence each of them shot an arrow, which fell not far from Whitby Laths, but on the contrary side of the lane. In memory of this transaction, a pillar was set up by the Abbot in the place where each of the arrows fell, which were standing in 1779; each pillar still retaining the name of the owner of each arrow. Their distance from Whitby Abbey is more than a measured mile, which seems very far for the flight of an arrow; but when we consider the advantage a shooter must have from an elevation, so great as the top of the Abbey, situated on a high cliff, the fact will not appear so extraordinary. These very pillars are mentioned, and the fields called by the aforesaid names in the old deeds for that ground, now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Watson. It appears by his Epitaph, that Robert Fitz-ooth lived 59 years after this time (1188); a very long period for a life abounding with so many dangerous enterprizes, and rendered obnoxious both to Church and State. Perhaps no part of English History afforded so fair an opportunity for such practices as the turbulent reigns of Richard I. King John, and Henry III.

Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chief Justiciary of England, we are told, issued several proclamations for the suppressing of out-laws; and even set a price upon the head of this hero. Several stratagems were used to apprehend him, but in vain. Force he repelled by force; nor was he less artful than his enemies. At length being

closely pursued, many of his followers slain, and the rest dispersed, he took refuge in the Priory of Kirklees, about twelve miles from Leeds, in Yorkshire, the Prioress at that time being his near relation. Old age, disappointment, and fatigue, brought on disease; a monk was called in to open a vein, who, either through ignorance or design, performed his part so ill, that the bleeding could not be stopped. Believing he should not recover, and wishing to point out the place where his remains might be deposited, he called for his bow, and discharging two arrows, the first fell in the river Calder, the second falling in the park, marked the place of his future sepulture. He died on the 24th of December, 1247,* as appears by the following Epitaph, which was once legible on his tomb, in Kirklees Park; where, though the tomb remains, yet the inscription hath been long obliterated. It was, however, preserved by Dr. Gale, Dean of York, and inserted from his papers by Thoresby, in his *Ducat. Leod.* and is as follows;

"Hear, undernead his latil stean,
Laiz Robert Earl of Huntington;
Nea Arcir ver az hies a geud,
An pipl kauld im Robin Heud;
Sick utlawz az hi an iz men,
Vil England nivr siagen.
Obit 24 Kal. Dekembris, 1247."

In the churchyard of Hathersage, a village in Derbyshire, were deposited, as tradition informs us, the remains of John Little, the servant and companion of Robin Hood. The grave is distinguished by a large stone, placed at the head, and another at the feet; on each of which are yet some remains of the letters I. L.

* Supposing him twenty one years of age, when on his visit to Abbot Richard at Whitby, he must at this time have been at least in his eightieth year.

THE RAINBOW.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees
 Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze,
 The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
 On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she pass'd down the vale,
 Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
 And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
 O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold;
 But one cloud at distance rose dense, and increased,
 Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith, and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
 When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud;—
 'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,
 Nor the Moon that rolls nightly through star-lights and blue.

Like a *Spirit*, it came in the van of the storm!
 And the eye, and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form;
 For it look'd not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
 But its garment of brightness illum'd its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
 O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
 And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
 As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence; bent in His hand,
 Whose grasp at Creation the Universe spann'd;
 'Twas the presence of GOD, in a symbol sublime;
 His Vow from the Flood to the exit of Time!

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
 When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds;
 The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,
 And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;—

In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
 And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire;
 And the sword, and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
 And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain:—

Not such was that RAINBOW, that beautiful one!
 Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the Sun;
 A Pavilion it seem'd which the Deity graced,
 And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
 Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
 Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
 As Love had just vanish'd, or Hope had expired.

I gaz'd not alone on that source of my song;—
 To all who beheld it these verses belong,
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
 Each full heart expanded,—grew warm,—and adored!

Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
 That Bow from *my sight* pass'd for ever away;
 Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
 That Bow from *remembrance* can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
 With the strong and unperishing colours of mind;
 A part of my being beyond my controul,
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

TO A CHILD.

By Joannie Bailie.

WHOSE imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek
And soft and fair thou urchinsly !

What boots it who with sweet caresses
First call'd thee his, or squire or hind ?
For thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly play-mate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
As fringed eye-lids rise and fall,
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,—
'Tis infantine coquetry all !

But far a-field thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats half-lisp'd half-spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right goodwill thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging,
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after-kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daisies, are thy treasure :
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well ; let it be ! thro' weal and woe
Thou know'st not now thy future range ;
Life is a motley shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change.

JERUSALEM IN 1820.

NARRATIVE of a TOUR made in PALESTINE, by the REV. J. CONNOR.

ON Monday morning, March 6th, we proceeded, says Mr. Connor, from Rama the ancient Arimathea, towards Jerusalem. After passing over a cultivated plain, we entered a broad valley at the end of which, turning to the right we rode along a stony path in a narrow glen, amidst the mountains of Judea. The mountains that bound this glen are, in general, uncultivated and rocky, but beautifully tufted with underwood. On issuing from this glen, the road carried us over a fatiguing succession of stony hills and vallies ; the country as we approached Jerusalem, becoming more and more desolate, till it terminated in a rugged desert of rock, which scarcely admitted the growth of a few blades of grass. About four o'clock we came in sight of the Holy City ; its first appearance, when approached from Jaffa, is that of a neat little walled town, seated on a gentle eminence. Outside the gate was a band of pilgrims amusing themselves with throwing stones. We entered the city and proceeded through a few narrow and winding streets, to the Latin con-

vent of San Salvador, where we took up our abode.

The Archbishop of Cyprus having given me an introductory letter to PROCOPIUS, the chief agent of the patriarch of Jerusalem, I waited on him at the Greek convent two or three days after my arrival. He received me in the most friendly manner. He expressed his warmest approbation of the plan and objects of the Bible Society; and acceded immediately to my proposal of leaving a considerable portion of the Scriptures which I had brought with me in his hands, for sale or distribution among the pilgrims and others.

The language universally spoken throughout the patriarchate of Jerusalem is the Arabic. Schools are rare; consequently reading is not a very common attainment. The metropolitans, archbishops and bishops, are all native Greeks, and reside in Jerusalem. Very few of them know any thing of Arabic but maintain agents (natives of the country) at their dioceses, which they occasionally visit. The patriarch of Jerusalem resides in Constantinople.

Among the Jews, I have not been able to do any thing. The New Testament they reject with disdain, though I have repeatedly offered it to them for the merest trifle. As for the prophecies, they say the book is imperfect, and therefore they will not purchase: and as for the psalters they tell me there is no want of them in Jerusalem. Had I brought complete Hebrew bibles with me, I could have sold many.

The ceremonies at the Latin and Greek Easters have been very numerous. I shall transcribe from my journal what I have written on some of them.

Here I must pause, to give you, in a few words, some idea of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is a large building. In the middle under the great cupola, stands an edifice of considerable size containing the tomb, over which are suspended 44 lamps always burning:

of these 21 belong to the Greeks, 13 to the Catholics, 6 to the Armenians, and four to the Copts. Between the sepulchre and the sides of the church is a large space, open and free to all, the chapels of the different communions being in the sides of the church. Mount Cavalry is within its walls. You ascend it by a flight of steps, and on its top are two small chapels belonging to the Greeks. The large chapel of the Greeks is the most splendid and richly ornamented. For a minute description of the church, I refer you to Maundrell and Chateaubriand.

Palm Sunday.

On Palm Sunday (March the 26th,) I went to see the ceremony of the Latins. After a considerable time had been spent in singing before the door of the sepulchre, the deputy superior of the Latin convent (the superior himself being in Cyprus) entered the sepulchre with some priests, to bless the palm branches that lay there. When this was done he left the sepulchre, and, sitting on an elevated chair, received the palms which had been blessed from the hands of the priests. These came forward first, and knelt one after the other, before the deputy superior, receiving from his hand (which they kissed) a branch of the consecrated palm. When this part of the ceremony was concluded, the crowd pressed forward to receive their palms. The confusion and tumult were excessive. The Turks,* with their sticks and whips, did all they could to restrain the impetuosity of the people; and had it not been for their great activity, the deputy superior would certainly have been overwhelmed by the crowd. When the palms had been distributed, and the confusion had in some measure subsided, the priests and some others walked three times in procession round the sepulchre, with lighted candles, incense, elevated crucifixes, and palms. They sang as they walked. When the procession was ended, an altar splendidly ornamented was placed

* There are always in the church, during the ceremonies, a considerable number of Turks, with sticks and whips to keep the people in order. This appeared to me, at first a rather tyrannical measure; but repeated visits to the church soon convinced me that without the interposition of the Turks it would become the theatre of riot and disorder. These Turks (who are paid by the convents) guard the processions, and clear the way for them.

before the sepulchre, and mass was performed.

On Good Friday there was a grand procession and ceremony of the Latins, in the evening. It commenced with an Italian sermon, in the Catholic chapel, on the flagellation of Christ.† From this place they proceeded to the chapel where they say Christ's garments were taken from him: here was another sermon in Italian. They then ascended Mount Calvary; and passed first into the chapel which marks the spot where Christ was nailed to the cross; the large crucifix and image which they carried in the procession was here laid on the ground, and a Spanish sermon was pronounced over it. When this was finished, the crucifix was raised, and moved into the adjoining chapel of the elevation of the cross: here it was fixed upright behind the altar; a monk standing by, preached for twenty minutes on the crucifixion; the sermon was in Italian, and when it was concluded two monks approached the cross, and partially enveloping the body of the image in linen, took off with a pair of pincers the crown of thorns from the head, kissed it, and laid it on a plate; the nails were then drawn out from the hands and feet with the same ceremony. The arms of the image were so contrived, that, on the removal of the nails which kept them extended, they dropped upon the sides of the body. The image was then laid on linen, and borne down from Calvary to the Stone of Unction, the spot where they say Christ's body was anointed: here the image was extended, and was perfumed with spices, fragrant water, and clouds of incense; the monks knelt round the stone, with large lighted candles in their hands; a monk ascended an adjoining pulpit and preached a sermon in Arabic. The procession then went forward to the Sepulchre, where the image was deposited, and a sermon preached in Spanish: this concluded the ceremony.

On the Easter day of the Latins, which is the Palm Sunday of the Greeks, Armenians, &c. I went to the church early, and found it excessively

crowded. Most of the people had remained there all night. The Catholic, Greek, and Armenian processions were long and splendid. In all the processions to-day, except that of the Catholics, palm branches were carried, and also banners with the various scenes of the Passion painted on them. The people were very eager to sanctify their palms, by touching the banners with them as they passed.

On the Greek Good Friday I went to the church, with the intention of spending the night there with the pilgrims, and of viewing the ceremonies. The Turkish guard at the gate was particularly strong, and they admitted none who did not chuse to pay twenty-five piastres (about 16s. 8d. sterl.) The firmân which I obtained at Acre from the Pacha, who is guardian of the Holy Sepulchre, saved myself and servant this expense. It is a general belief among the Greeks and Armenians, that on Easter Eve a fire descends from heaven into the sepulchre. The eagerness of the Greeks, Armenians, and others to light their candles at this holy fire, carried an immense crowd to the church, notwithstanding the sum which they were obliged to pay. About nine at night I retired to rest, in a small apartment in the church. A little before midnight the servant roused me to see the Greek procession. I hastened to the gallery of the church; the scene was striking and brilliant. The Greek chapel was splendidly illuminated; five rows of lamps were suspended in the dome, and almost every individual of the immense multitude held a lighted candle in his hand. The procession and subsequent service around the sepulchre were long and splendid.

I was awakened early in the following morning by the noise in the church; and on proceeding to my station in the gallery I found the crowd below in a state of great confusion. Some were employed in carrying others on their backs round the sepulchre, others in dancing and clapping their hands, exclaiming in Arabic, "This is the tomb of our Lord!" Sometimes a man pas-

† In their chapel the Catholics profess to shew the pillar where this took place.

sed, standing upright on the shoulders of another; and I saw, more than once, four carried along in this manner, a little boy, seated, forming the fourth or topmost; others again were busy in chasing one another round the tomb, and shouting like madmen. Whenever they saw in the crowd a man who they thought could pay them, they seized and forcibly carried him in their arms two or three times round the church. The whole is a most lamentable profanation of the place! The same happens every year. The noise and confusion increased as the moment appointed for the apparition of the fire approached. At length the Turks, who had not hitherto interfered, began to brandish their whips, and to still in some measure, the tumult. About noon, the governor of Jerusalem, with a part of his guard, entered the gallery. The eagerness and anxiety of the people were now excessive; they all pressed toward the sepulchre, each person holding a bundle of tapers in his hand. The chief agent of the Greek patriarch and an Armenian bishop had entered the sepulchre shortly before. All eyes were fixed on the gallery, watching for the governor's signal. He made it, and the fire appeared through one of the holes in the building that covers the tomb! A man lighted his taper at the hallowed flame, and then pushed into the thickest of the crowd, and endeavoured to fight his way through. The tumult and clamour were great, and the man was nearly crushed to death by the eagerness of the people to light their tapers at his flame. In about twenty minutes every one both in the galleries and below, men, women, and children, had their candles lighted. Many of them put their lighted candles to their faces, imagining that the flame would not scorch them; I perceived, however, by their grimaces, that they speedily discovered their mistake. They did not

permit these tapers to burn long, reserving them for occasions of need. The power which they attribute to those candles that have been touched with the fire from heaven is almost unbounded: they suppose, for instance, that if overtaken by a storm at sea, they throw one of these candles into the waves, the tempest will immediately subside.

They are chiefly valued, however, in consequence of a superstitious notion that if they are burned at the funeral of the individual, they will most assuredly save his soul from future punishment. To obtain these candles, and to undergo a second baptism in the waters of the Jordan are the chief objects of the visit of the Greek pilgrims to Jerusalem.

The average number of Greek pilgrims is about 2,000; this year they are only 1,600. Of these pilgrims the majority are native Greeks, who speak and read Romaic; the next in number are the Greeks from Asia Minor, who speak and read the Turkish, but in the Romaic character; the third class consists of Russians; and the fourth and fifth of Wallachians and Bulgarians; few however, of these pilgrims can read.

The Armenian pilgrims amount this year to about 1,300. The majority of them are from Anatolia, and speak nothing but Turkish. Very few of them can read.

The average number of Copt pilgrims is about 200. This year only 150 arrived. Their appearance is very wretched.

The pilgrims that have visited Jerusalem this year may be thus summed up:—

Greeks - - - -	1,600	
Armenians - - -	1,300	
Copts - - - - -	150	
Catholics - - - -	50	{ chiefly from Damascus.
Abyssinians - - -	1	
Syrians - - - - -	30	
Total - - - -	3,131	

Concluded in our next.

CANNIBALISM IN NEW-ZEALAND.

ALTHOUGH we copy the following article from the Literary Gazette, we have been in possession of the melancholy fact upwards of three months. This horrible tale was told, at the late Methodist Conference held in Liverpool, by Mr. Samuel Leigh, a Wesleyan Missionary, who at that time had lately returned to England from New Zealand, &c.

Our readiness to comply with a request which was then made to us, not to give immediate publicity to the relation, furnishes the reason why we did not at that time insert this, and several anecdotes of a similar description and character, in the pages of the Imperial Magazine.

"One day, while Mr. Leigh was walking on the beach, conversing with a native chief, his attention was arrested by a great number of people on a neighbouring-hill. He inquired the cause of such a concourse, and being told that they were roasting a lad, and had assembled to eat him, he immediately proceeded to the place, in order to ascertain the truth of this appalling relation. Having arrived at the village where the people were collected, he asked to see the boy. The natives appeared much agitated at his presence, and particularly at his request, as if conscious of their guilt; and it was only after a very urgent solicitation that they directed him towards a large fire at some distance, where they said he would find him. As he was going to this place, he passed by the bloody spot on which the head of this unhappy victim had been cut off; and on approaching the fire, he was not a little startled at the sudden appearance of a savage-looking man, of gigantic stature, entirely naked, and armed with an axe. Mr. Leigh, though somewhat intimidated, manifested by symptoms of fear, but boldly demanded to see the lad. The cook, for such was the occupation of this terrific monster, then held him up by his feet. He appeared to be about fourteen years of age, and

was about half roasted. Mr. Leigh returned to the village, where he found several hundreds of the natives seated in a circle, with a quantity of coomery (a sort of sweet potatoe) before them, and waiting for the roasted body of the youth. In this company were shewn to him the parents of the child, expecting to share in the horrid feast. After reasoning with them for about half an hour on the inhumanity and wickedness of their conduct, he prevailed on them to give up the boy to be interred, and thus prevented them from consummating the most cruel, unnatural, and diabolical act, of which human nature is capable."

Mr. Leigh, on rescuing the body from their hands, found on examination, that it was in a mutilated state; it having no head, and only one arm. He then informed the savages, that he must have the absent parts, especially the head, as the body was "*no good without the head.*" Finding him both resolute and persevering, they, after some time, reluctantly procured the head, and gave it up. Having obtained this, he then urged similar inquiries respecting the arm, and insisted on having it restored. This, they soon gave him to understand, was impossible; and on being pressed closely on the ground of their impossibility, they put their fingers to their open mouths, to signify that this part had been already eaten. With regard to the intestines, we do not recollect that Mr. Leigh made any particular remark.

It furthermore appears, from the account given by Mr. Leigh, that with these horrid repasts the barbarians of New Zealand were but too well acquainted. They had so far polished cannibalism into refinement, that they could distinguish the most delicate portion in the human body, from the parts which were less palatable to the savage epicure. They informed him that *the most delicious morsel was a particular part of the arm*, to which they directed his attention.

ON THE COMPLAINTS IN AMERICA AGAINST THE BRITISH PRESS.

IT may not be known to all our readers that several citizens of America, addicted to writing books, or, like ourselves, to the less ambitious composition of periodical articles, consider themselves to be in a state of declared and justifiable hostility with the British press, for what they call "the indiscriminate and virulent abuse," which it has lately heaped upon their country; and that in consequence some very angry appeals and remonstrances, and retaliative effusions, have been sent forth, to expose the extreme injustice and illiberality with which their unoffending republic has been treated on this calumniating side of the Atlantic. The vanity, or at least the views, of the writers to whom we allude, seems to have taken rather a singular turn. Heretofore a self-sufficient and irritable author's first ambition was to create an extraordinary bustle about himself; and he accordingly, as often as the fit was on him, loudly called upon the world to become a party in his personal squabbles and fantastic resentments; but the present race of paper-warriors of Boston and Philadelphia, magnanimously dismissing all consciousness of themselves, are displaying a more expanded fretfulness, as assertors of their country's reputation; and lest, we suppose, their sincerity should be questioned, they have entered into their patriotic animosities with all the blind and morbid zeal, and all the petty punctilious susceptibility of affront, that might have been expected from the most sensitive pretender to genius, while defending his own sacred claims to admiration and respect.

If the questions at issue were confined to the respective merits of Mr. Walsh, the great American appellant, against the calumnies of English writ-

ters*, and our principal periodical reviews, which he so bitterly arraigns, we should leave the belligerents to fight out their differences in a course of harmless missile warfare across the Atlantic; but we can perceive from the tone of Mr. Walsh's book, and of his Boston reviewer†, that they have taken up the affair in a spirit far exceeding that of an ordinary literary quarrel. They have laboured hard to impress upon America, that she has become in this country the object of systematic hatred and contumely. Many obsolete questions have been revived for the mere purpose of exasperation, and discussed in a tone of the fiercest recrimination. We have hints, not of a very pacific kind, of the consequences that may accrue to England from her perverse insensibility to the merits of the United States. These topics and the inferences extorted from them, are throughout supported by considerable exaggeration, and occasionally, we regret to observe, either by direct falsehoods, or by suppressions that amount to falsehoods; so that were it not for our confidence in the better sense and information of the community which those productions are designed to inflame, we should expect to find every American that possessed a spark of national pride, burning to retaliate upon us, by acts of more substantial vengeance than verbal reprisals, for the insolent and unmanly sarcasms against his country that he is taught to believe has been of late the favourite occupation of English writers.

We profess to take a very anxious interest in all that relates to America. The Boston Reviewer derides the notion of the endearing influence of consanguinity; but we feel it in all its force. We have not enough of his philosophy to forget, that the commun-

* An Appeal from the Judgments of Great-Britain respecting the United States of America. Part first, containing an Historical Outline of their Merits and Wrongs as Colonies, and Strictures upon the Calumnies of British Writers. By Robert Walsh, junior.

† North American Review. New series, No. 11. April 1820. Boston.

ity which he is seeking to inflame against us, is principally composed of the children of British subjects—that our fathers were the countrymen of Washington and Franklin. We can never bring ourselves to consider the land of their birth as absolutely foreign ground. Many generations must pass away, and great vicissitudes in our mutual sentiments and relations mark the close of each, before a contest between America and England can be any thing else than what the late one was regarded, an unnatural civil war. We cannot but feel too, that the character of the principles and institutions that most attach us to our own country, is vitally connected with the moral and political destiny of the United States; and that in spite of the violent separation, and of any changes of forms and titles that may have ensued, the Americans of future times will be regarded by the world as a race either of improved, or of degenerate Englishmen. Entertaining these sentiments, we cordially unite with those who deprecate all attempts to excite a hostile spirit in either country; and with this view shall proceed to point out a few instances of the extraordinary and unpardonable precipitation with which the above-mentioned writers have levelled their sweeping accusations against the English press; and, for brevity sake, shall take the review of Mr. Walsh's book in preference to the cumbrous original of which it contains an analysis.

With the generality of our readers it might indeed be sufficient to assert, and to appeal to their own knowledge of the fact, that in this country America is the object of no such sentiment as systematic hatred or contempt; but as the Boston critic has boldly cited some examples to the contrary, we may as well stop to examine how far his selection has been fortunate.

"It is well known (says he) that one of the most severe attacks ever made against this country in a respectable quarter, is the one contained in the 61st No. of the *Edinburgh Review*;" and the writer (Mr. Sydney Smith) is classed among the "malignant contributors," to whom "abusive books of travels in America

are entrusted," and who do not hesitate to gratify their feelings of personal animosity, and their jocular propensities, at the expense of truth and candour. We have this offensive libel before us, and we answer—

It accuses the English *cabinet* of *impertinence* for treating the Americans with ridicule and contempt, and dwells upon the astonishing increase of their numbers and resources as a proof that England and the other powers of the old world must soon be compelled to respect them. It praises the cheapness of the American establishments. It compares the spirit of the American and English governments in relation to the liberty of the subject, and gives the preference to the former.

It praises the simple costume of the American judges and lawyers, and is unsparing in its ridicule of the "calorific wigs" of our *Ellenboroughs* and *Eldons*. It commemorates the cheapness and purity of the administration of justice in America, and exposes the expense and delays of the English Court of Chancery.

The reverend and "malignant contributor" extracts the details of Mr. Hall's visit to Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Fearon's to Mr. Adams, both tending to increase our admiration of those respectable characters.

He agrees with Mr. Fearon that the indolence of the American character is a proof of the prosperity of the country.—He gratifies his "personal animosity" by expressing his "real pleasure" in citing Mr. Bradbury's attestations to their independence and hospitality, and Mr. Hall's, to the good sense and courtesy prevailing in their social circles—to their extraordinary liberality to strangers in pecuniary transactions—and to "the gallantry, high feeling, and humanity of the American troops;" and finally, the libeller vents some encomiums upon the religious habits of the American people, and the great respectability of their clergy.

Here is praise enough, one should think, for national vanity of an ordinary appetite; but Mr. Smith has had the arrogance to glance at two little facts, upon the first of which the Boston crit-

ic seems particularly sore—the scantiness of their native literature—and the institution of slavery, the greatest curse and stain upon a civilized community; and this foul proceeding on the part of the reverend reviewer has cancelled all the merit of his previous panegyric.

We had intended to have taken one of the papers in another periodical journal which has proved equally offensive on the other side of the Atlantic, and to have given a similar summary of its contents; but the specimen we have selected of an article pre-eminently stigmatized for its injustice and illiberality, will be sufficient to satisfy every rational Englishman or American, that very little dependence is to be placed on those directors of public opinion in the latter country, who assert that it has been the subject of “indiscriminate and virulent abuse” in this.

The North-American Review, in a long episode, arraigns the English writers and politicians (including Mr. Bentham and Lord Grey) for their profound ignorance of some important peculiarities in the government of the United States. Assuredly, we may with equal truth retort the accusation, and express our astonishment that Mr. Walsh, and the conductor of the Boston Review, Mr. Everett, both of whom passed some years in England, should have returned to their own country, so singularly unacquainted with the most notorious characteristics of our constitution, and with the consequences as manifested in the political sentiments of our people. Did they never hear, that our frame of government was compounded of monarchical and republican elements? that these elements were in a state of ceaseless conflict? that every Englishman, who arrives, or thinks he has arrived, at the age of discretion, makes it a point to extol the one, and decry the other, according as his education, or temperament, or interests, throw him into the ranks of either of our great contending parties? Are they not aware that in this fierce intestine war of opinion, which has been now for a couple of centuries raging among us, the highest personages of the land on the one side, and the most sacred rights of the people

on the other, are daily assailed with the most virulent abuse and ridicule? During their residence in England, did Messrs. Walsh and Everett never throw their eyes over the columns of one of our ranting patriots, or over the anti-jacobinical effusions of a ministerial declaimer? Did they never pass by one of our caricature-shops, where kings and queens, ministers and oppositionists, judges and bishops, and every man, woman, and child, who has the good fortune to be of sufficient celebrity for the purpose, are regularly gibbeted for the entertainment of a people, who consider one of their most glorious privileges to be that of laughing at their superiors? Did these enlightened observers of British manners never discover that it is one of the customs of our country to tolerate all this, and that the most prominent objects of those attacks are, for the most part, among the first to enter into the spirit of the joke against themselves? And if the United States of America now and then happen to come in for a share of the wit or scurrility that is going on, do they not perceive that it is in reality a tribute to her importance, and that she may safely leave her quarrel in the hands of the admirers of republics among us, who will not fail in due season to retaliate with equal venom if not equal wit, upon some of the popular royal butts of the day—the Bourbons, or the Holy Alliance, or the august representative of what is most monarchical in the eyes of men, the Emperor of all the Russias. Surely a moment's reflection might have shewn them that on such occasions silence and good-humour are the only effectual weapons of defence, and that no wise and sober American should feel serious alarm for the character and dignity of his nation, even though a Scotch critic should make unreasonably light of Mr. Joel Barlow's inspirations, or because Mr. Sydney Smith's pen, in an hour of thoughtless gaiety, addressed some words of friendly admonition to the United States of America, under the homely appellation of “Jonathan.” Yet such are among the provocations that have called forth Mr. Walsh, as the protagonist of his “calumniated country,” that

he may "if possible arrest the war, which is waged without stint or intermission upon its national reputation."

However irrational this extraordinary sensitiveness may be, we suspect that the secret cause of it may be easily discovered.

We have had occasion to mingle pretty freely with American travellers in this and other countries of Europe, and to study their sentiments and manners with some share of attention. Among them we found several who might be compared with the best specimens of the best classes of any community that can be named—accomplished gentlemen and scholars, who had crossed the seas for the honourable purpose of enlarging their views, and travelling down their prejudices, and whose conversation afforded infinite stores of interesting information and manly speculation. They were distinguished by manners happily composed of frankness and refinement, by great ardour in the pursuit of practical knowledge, and by a deep but temperate preference for the institutions of their native country. The greater number, if not all of them, have returned to America, where their rank and acquirements predestine them to share in the conduct of public affairs, and where we sincerely trust, that their better influence will prove a corrective to the baneful doctrines of such men as Mr. Walsh and his Boston coadjutor. But others, and we must add, the large majority, were persons of a very different stamp. They were vulgar, vain, and boisterous; their acquirements were common-place and limited. Their conversation was made up of violent declamations against slavery (*Americè* monarchy) and as loud assertions of the superiority of America over all the countries of the globe. This latter feeling, pushed to the utmost verge of extravagant pretension, is (according to the concurring testimony of travellers) a prominent trait in the second-rate American character; and, when encountered either by argument or ridicule, or what is worst of all, by facts, seldom fails to provoke such angry remonstrances as those of the plaintiffs in the present action of slander against the writers of

Great-Britain. In their own country, indeed, this national prepossession, being rarely exasperated by resistance, does not always swell beyond the bounds of a buoyant and harmless self-complacency, a little offensive perhaps to strangers, but there the matter ends: it is only when an American of this class comes to Europe, more especially to Great Britain, and finds himself daily confronted by men who resolutely contest his claims, that his admiration of himself assumes the inflammatory form of unmeasured hatred and rudeness to those who have the audacity to prefer themselves.

This irritable and exaggerated self-love arises from a striking peculiarity in the foundation of an American's national vanity. Other nations boast of what they are or have been—but a true citizen of the United States exalts his head to the skies in the contemplation of the FUTURE grandeur of his country. With him the pride of pedigree is reversed. Others claim respect and honour through a line of renowned ancestors; an American glories in the achievements of a distant posterity. Others appeal to history, an American to prophecy.---The latter modestly calls on us to discount his predictions; and, on no better security, to hand him over the full amount in ready praise. His visions are like those of the Trojan prince in Elysium, gazing with anticipated rapture on the passing forms of his illustrious descendants. You must beware how you speak of a worthy native of Kentucky as the son of a respectable planter. No, no, "You don't catch the thing at all." He is to be considered and duly venerated as the great-grandfather of some immortal warrior, or legislator, or poet. This system of raising a fictitious capital of renown, which his posterity is to pay off (an invention much resembling our financial anticipations) is the secret of an American's extraordinary pretensions, and of his soreness when they are not allowed. With Malthus in one hand, and a map of the back settlements in the other, he boldly defies us to a comparison with America, as *she is to be*, and chuckles with precocious exultation over the

splendours which the "geometrical ratio" is to shed upon her story. This appeal to the future is his never-failing resource. If an English traveller complains of their inns, and hints his dislike to sleeping three or four in a bed, first, he is a calumniator; and next, he is advised to suspend his opinion of the matter, until another century shall demonstrate the superiority of their accommodations. So in matters of literature and science—if Shakspeare, and Milton, and Newton be named, we are told to wait—"wait till these few millions of acres shall be cleared, when we shall have idle time to attend to other things—only wait till the year 1900 or 2000, and then the world shall see how much nobler our poets, and profounder our astronomers, and longer our telescopes, than that decrepid old hemisphere of yours could produce."

This propensity to look forward with confidence to the future exaltation of their country, may, in the abstract, be natural and laudable: but when the Americans go farther, and refer to that wished-for period as one in which the comparative glory of England shall be extinguished for ever, they allow themselves to be betrayed into hopes at once unnatural and absurd. Let us admit that their proudest predictions shall be fully accomplished—that the day is to come, when the immense northern Continent between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, shall be all their own—an assemblage of contiguous circles of independent states, each a kingdom in itself, and the great federal compact, like a vast circumference, binding them together in strength and union—the whole the residence of countless millions of free and enlightened Americans. Let us imagine the time arrived when American fleets shall cover every sea, and ride in every harbour for the purposes of commerce, or chastisement, or protection; when the land of America shall be the seat of all that is most admirable in the eyes of men—of freedom, learning, taste, morals. Let us farther suppose that when all these are "throned in the West," old England sinking beneath the weight of years, and the manifold casualties by which the pride

of empires is levelled in the dust, shall have "fallen from her high estate,"—in that day of her extremity, what is the language which an Englishman, remembering the deeds of his ancestry, might hold to an American, who should too exultingly boast of the superior grandeur of his country? Might he not truly and justly say, America has reason to be proud, but let her not forget the source whence she derived that original stock of glory which she has laid out to such admirable account. Who were the men that first tamed those barren tracts which have since become a garden? Englishmen.—Who laid the foundations of those capitals, now the emporia of commerce and of science? Englishmen.—Who taught you the arts of navigation, which have brought that commerce to perfection? Englishmen.—From what code did you first catch that spirit of freedom which achieved your independence, and has so happily preserved it? From the laws and institutions of England.—Where did your infant science and literature find their models of deep thought, of exquisite composition, of sublime conception? In the writings of immortal Englishmen, your ancestors and instructors. No, never imagine that the most splendid consummation of your destinies can give you an exclusive lustre, in which the name of England has no right to share. The bands of generous exiles whom in ages past she sent forth to be the founders of your race, were her sons, and carried the elements of grandeur within them. In every stage of their adventurous career, the genius of their original country was among them, directing and consecrating their efforts. You have a right to be proud; but you are also to remember, that what you make your highest boast, is, after all, the good old spirit of British freedom, of which you are the lineal inheritors. This is an honour of which no vicissitudes can deprive her. Let the name of England fade away from the list of nations—let her long line of statesmen, heroes, and scholars, and "the many wondrous things they did in their day," be buried in oblivion—still, as long as an empire

of Americans survives, speaking her language, cherishing her institutions, and emulating her example, her name shall be pronounced with veneration throughout the world, and her memory be celebrated by a glorious monument.

Before we conclude, we cannot refrain from adverting to one curious topic introduced by the Boston reviewer, upon which he enlarges, with considerable warmth, through half a dozen closely printed pages—the comparative purity of the English language in the works of British and American writers: our readers will readily conjecture to whom the preference is assigned. The American stoutly maintains that we have no right to dictate to his country on this head; and that she is, and shall be, the sole judge of the words she shall employ, and the significations they shall bear. “That every innovation which has taken place since the time of Shakespeare, or of Milton, in the English language in England, should be recognised as authority, and every change which has taken place in the language in America, in the same interval, should be stigmatized as a corruption, (he) sees no good reason in philology or common sense: it appears (to him) mere arrogant pedantry.” Now really this quarrel about words seems, to us, to be silly in the extreme, and to betray, on the part of the writer, great ignorance of the subject he undertakes to discuss: certainly the current language of America is to be at her own disposal; and she is as free as England to circulate as many new, or call in as many old words as she pleases. But what will be the consequence of the capricious exercise of such a right? Why, that a particular standard of the language will arise in America, differing from the English standard, and which English writers and readers will not recognise to be authority. It will be in vain to tell us that the American innovations have “good reasons in philology and common sense.” The only question we have to ask is, whether our best writers and speakers have adopted them; and, if they have not, we of necessity pronounce them to be corruptions. The utmost concession we could make in such a case,

would be to imitate the courteous Parisian’s observation on a phrase of Dr. Moore’s: “It is not French, but it deserves to be so.” If these innovations proceed in either country to such an extent as to cause a material difference between the languages, how idle to ask which is the better English. The better English will always be the English of the British court and senate, and of distinguished British authors; while the language of America, with all its appeals to “philology and common sense,” must submit to be termed a dialect.

If America is ambitious of forming a language that shall rival or supersede the parent-tongue, there is indeed one (and only one) mode of accomplishing her object; but that she will find to be a work of far more difficulty than the Boston reviewer appears to have suspected.

When we speak of the period at which a language becomes *fixed*, we seldom annex a very definite or accurate meaning to the expression. Its more ordinary signification we imagine to be, that in grammatical correctness, in elegance, and in strength, the language has then arrived at its acmé of perfection: but, in this point of view, we are too apt to confine our attention to certain inherent qualities in the language, which, having attained a particular point, are supposed to be incapable of farther improvement. The true mode, however, of considering the question is, to advert to the genius of the writers who have thus far moulded the language to their purposes. The greatest writers in any language, let them appear when they will, fix that language; that is, they leave in their works models of *thought* and composition, which their successors cannot surpass, and which are, for that reason, ever after referred to as standards of unequalled excellence. They become the manuals of students, or, in other words, the *classics* of the language. Now when we say, that those writers fix their language, we in reality mean, that the mind of their country reaches, in their persons, its highest point. The Greek tongue was fixed by a group of writers who flourished about the time of Socrates;

but, had the freedom of Athens continued, and her intellect advanced—had a race of authors in after-times sprung up, more eloquent than Demosthenes, more profound and imaginative than Plato, more elegantly flowing than Xenophon—no matter how many innovations the lapse of years might have introduced, these latter would have been the fixers of the language; and innumerable words and phrases in the writings of their predecessors, which are now admired for their purity, would pass for obsolete or uncouth. But no such event occurred. The genius of Greece could not survive her freedom. The successors of the classic age were not sparing of innovation; but the mind that could have sanctified the changes was wanting, and that noble language which, in its better days, had been pronounced to be a vehicle of thought “fit for the gods,” became, in its latter periods, feeble, bloated, and deformed; and, after dragging out a precarious existence, finally expired, some centuries too late for its glory.

Now, in this case, (or in that of the Latin language, whose history is the same) we can at once refer to an unalterable standard of purity; for the genius of those countries has run its course, and its highest possible attainments are clearly ascertained. Homer and Plato, Cicero and Virgil, are, in this respect, fixed upon an eminence, from which nothing but “the oblivion of all things” can displace them. But with a living language like our own, it is otherwise. While English continues to be written and spoken, no one can assert that it is absolutely fixed: our classic models, a century hence, may be very different from those of the present day; and we must hope that it may be so, for unless we presume upon a deplorable degeneracy of taste in our posterity, it will be a proof that the mind of England gathers strength as it moves along. Deeply as we venerate the names of Shakspeare and Milton, we must not forget what a glorious event it would be in our history to give birth to spirits that could soar above them, and whose higher conceptions would require to be conveyed in

expressions of yet undiscovered brilliancy and vigour.

But it is only by great writers that any permanent and authoritative innovations can be made. In order, therefore, to give a general currency to the fluctuations of our language that may take place in America, it is indispensable that she shall produce writers surpassing in genius every contemporary and preceding author of Great Britain. As long as the productions of this country continue superior, or equal, they will be resorted to by natives and strangers as the fountains of the language. Of this privilege America cannot deprive us by any sullen rejection of the novelties we may introduce, or by coining new terms for the uses of her citizens, with the pompous impression of “philology and common sense.” Her language, to be entitled to precedence, must make its claim through generations of American writers, more divine than Shakspeare, deeper and more comprehensive than Bacon, more sublime than Milton, more “winning soft” than Addison, more tersely splenetic than Junius, and more excellent, in their respective kinds, than the many admirable masters of the British tongue that have followed, and (we trust) are yet to come—then may America, with some reason, contest our right to controul her phraseology; but until that period shall arrive, her critics must not be accusing us of “mere arrogant pedantry,” because we make the language of our scholars and men of genius our standard of English diction, and are determined to exclude from our lips and books every obsolete or new-fangled dialect that may have local sway in Philadelphia or at the sources of the Missouri.

Should these and the preceding observations chance to fall under the eye of an American, he may, perhaps, imagine that we too have been indulging in offensive animadversions upon his nation; but we sincerely assure him, that we have no intention to offend. We think that America is doing wonders, and we most heartily congratulate her. We cannot for an instant doubt, that the formation of a great empire, re-

sembling in its best points the best times of Great-Britain, must prove an auspicious era in the history of the human race. A community, provided with ample resources against an endless increase of members, and enjoying a free bar, a free senate, and a free press, if true to itself, must do great things. But America is yet in her infancy, and must not, like a froward child, born to a great estate and the dupe of domestic adulators, immaturely assume the tone and pretensions of a riper period; she must be docile and industrious, and patient of rebuke that conveys instruction. She must not talk too much of her glory, till it comes. She must not make fine speeches about freedom, while a slave contaminates her soil. She must not rail at English travellers, for visiting her cities and plantations, and publishing

what they see. She must not be angry with Lord Grey for calling Mr. Fearon "a gentleman*;" and she positively must not be fretting herself into the preposterous notion, that there exists in this country an organised conspiracy against her literary fame. There is no such thing. For ourselves, we can say, that on a late occasion, we felt unfeigned zeal in offering a voluntary tribute to the memory of an American man of genius†; and that we shall be at all times ready to resume so pleasing an office; while, on the part of others, we can refer to the universal praises now bestowed upon the elegant productions of Mr. Washington Irving, as a proof that American talent has nothing to apprehend from the imputed jealousy and injustice of English criticism.

New Mon. Mag. Feb. 1821.

Cornucopia

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

(From the English Magazines, Feb. 1821.)

NEW MODE OF FISHING.

SEVERAL years ago, a farmer who resided in the immediate neighbourhood of Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, kept a gander, who not only had a great trick of wandering himself, but also delighted in piloting forth his cackling harem to weary themselves in circumnavigating their native lake, or in straying amidst forbidden fields on the opposite shore. Wishing to check this vagrant habit, he one day seized the gander just as he was about to spring into the pure breast of his favourite element, and tying a large fish-hook to his leg, to which was attached part of a dead frog, he suffered him to proceed upon his voyage of discovery. As had been anticipated, this bait soon caught the eye of a greedy pike, which swallowing the deadly hook, not only arrested the progress of the astonished gander, but forced him to perform half a dozen of somersets on the surface of the water!

For sometime the struggle was most amusing—the fish pulling, and the bird screaming with all its might—the one attempting to fly, and the other to swim, from the invisible enemy—the gander the one moment losing and the next regaining his centre of gravity, and casting between whiles many a rueful look at his snow-white fleet of geese and goslings, who cackled out their sympathy for their afflicted commodore. At length victory declared in favour of the feathered angler, who, bearing away for the nearest shore, landed on the smooth green grass one of the finest pikes ever caught in the Castle-loch. This adventure is said to have cured the gander of his propensity for wandering; but on this point we are inclined to be a little sceptical—particularly as we lately heard, that, at the reservoir near Glasgow, the country people are in the habit of employing ducks in this novel mode of fishing.

* "Gentleman, as Lord Grey calls Fearon."—*North American Review*.

† C. B. Bown.

We cannot, to be sure, vouch for this last fact; but, in the days of yore, hawks were taught to bring down woodcocks and muir fowl, and why might not a similar course of training enable ducks to bring up pikes and perches?"

A DANGEROUS QUESTION.

A simple ostler being one day at confession to his priest, was asked by the father if he had never greased the teeth of the guests' horses, to prevent their eating their allowance of hay and oats? 'Never,' replied the ostler. In a subsequent confession the ostler acknowledged the frequent commission of that fraud—'How,' said the priest, 'I remember at your last confession, you said you had never done so?' 'No more I had then,' answered the ostler; 'for, till you told me, I never knew that greasing a horse's teeth would prevent his eating; but since you first put it in my mind I have been tempted to practise that fraud.'

TRUE UNICORN, AN INHABITANT OF THIBET.

We have no doubt that a little time will bring to light many objects of natural history peculiar to the elevated regions of central Asia, and hitherto unknown in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, particularly in the two former. This is an opinion which we have long entertained; but we are led to the expression of it on the present occasion, by having been favoured with the perusal of a most interesting communication from Major Latter, commanding in the Rajah of Sikkim's territories, in the hilly country east of Nepaul, addressed to Adjutant General Nicol, and transmitted by him to the Marquis of Hastings. This important paper explicitly states that the unicorn, so long considered as a fabulous animal, actually exists at this moment in the interior of Thibet, where it is well

known to the inhabitants. 'This,'—we copy from the Major's letter—'is a very curious fact, and it may be necessary to mention how the circumstances became known to me. In a Thibetian Manuscript, containing the names of different animals, which I procured the other day from the hills, the unicorn is classed under the head of those whose hoofs are divided; it is called the one-horned *tso'po*. Upon inquiring what kind of animal it was, to our astonishment, the person who brought me the manuscript described exactly the unicorn of the ancients; saying, that it was a native of the interior of Thibet, about the size of a *tattqo*, (a horse from twelve to thirteen hands high,) fierce and extremely wild; seldom, if ever, caught alive, but frequently shot; and that the flesh was used for food.'

'The person,' Major Latter adds, 'who gave me this information, has repeatedly seen these animals, and eaten the flesh of them. They go together in herds, like our wild buffaloes, and are very frequently to be met with on the borders of the great desert, about a month's journey from Lassa, in that part of the country inhabited by wandering Tartars.'

This communication is accompanied by a drawing made by the messenger from recollection. It bears some resemblance to a horse, but has cloven hoofs, a long curved horn growing out of the forehead, and a boar-shaped tail, like that of the '*fera monoceros*,' described by Pliny.* From its herding together, as the unicorn of the Scriptures is said to do, as well as from the rest of the description, it is evident that it cannot be the rhinoceros, which is a solitary animal; besides, Major Latter states, that, in the Thibetian manuscript, the rhinoceros is described under the name of *servo*, and classed with the elephant; 'neither,' says he, 'is it the wild horse, (well known in Thibet,) for that has also a different name, and is

* In speaking of the wild beasts of India, Pliny says, with regard to the animal in question, '*Asperimam autem feram monocerotem, reliquo corpore equo similem, capite cervo, pedibus elephanti, cauda apro, mugitu, gravi, uno cornu nigro media fronte cubitorum duum eminentem.*---*Hanc feram vivam negant capi.*'---*Plin. Hist. Mund. lib. 8, cap. 21.* The resemblance is certainly very striking.

classed in the MS. with the animals which have hoofs undivided.' 'I have written (he subjoins) to the Sachia Lama, requesting him to procure me a perfect skin of the animal, with the head, horn, and hoofs; but it will be a long time before I can get it down, for they are not to be met with nearer than a month's journey from Lassa.'"

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

All through Ireland, the ceremonial of wakes and funerals is most punctually attended to, and it requires some *savoir faire* to carry through the arrangement in a masterly manner. A great adept at the business, who had been the prime manager at all the wakes in the neighbourhood for many years, was at last called away from the death-beds of his friends to his own. Shortly before he died, he gave minute directions to his people, as to the mode of waking him in proper style. "Recollect," says he, "to put three candles at the head of the bed, after you lay me out, and two at the foot, and one at each side. Mind now, and put a plate with the salt on it just a-top of my breast. And, do you hear, have plenty of tobacco, and pipes enough. And remember to make the punch strong. And—but what the devil is the use of talking to you; sure, I know, you'll be sure to botch it, as I won't be there myself."

PROFESSOR OF SIGNS.

King James VI. on removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish Ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a *crotchet* in his head that every country should have a Professor of signs, to teach him and the like of him to understand one another. The Ambassador was lamenting one day, before the king, this great disideratum throughout all Europe, when the king, who was a *queerish* sort of man, says to him—"Why, I have a Professor of Signs in the northernmost college in my dominions, viz. at Aberdeen; but it is a great way off, perhaps 600 miles." "Were it 10,000 leagues off I shall see him," says the Ambassador,

and am determined to set out in two, or three days.' The king saw he had committed himself, and writes, or causes to be written, to the university of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professors to put him off some way, or make the best of him. The Ambassador arrives, is received with great solemnity; but soon began to inquire which of them had the honour to be Professor of Signs? and being told that the Professor was absent in the Highlands, and would not return nobody could say when, says the Ambassador, 'I will wait his return, though it were twelve months.' Seeing that this would not do, and that they had to entertain him at a great expence all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He is got, told the story, and instructed to be a Professor of Signs; but not to speak on pain of death! Geordy undertakes it. The Ambassador is now told that the Professor of Signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly. Geordy is *gowned, wigged*, and placed in a chair of state in a room of the college, all the professors and the Ambassador being in an adjoining room. The Ambassador is now shown into Geordy's room, and left to converse with him as well as he could, the whole professors waiting the issue with fear and trembling. The Ambassador holds up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy holds up two of his. The Ambassador holds up three; Geordy clenches his fist and looks stern. The Ambassador then takes an orange from his pocket, and holds it up; Geordy takes a piece of barley cake from his pocket, and holds that up. After which the Ambassador bows to him, and retires to the other professors, who anxiously enquired his opinion of their brother. 'He is a perfect miracle,' says the Ambassador; 'I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies!' 'Well,' say the professors, 'to descend to particulars.' 'Why,' said the Ambassador, 'I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that

these are the Father and Son ; I held up three, meaning the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ; he clenched his fist, to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessities, but the luxuries of life ; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury.' The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well ; so having got quit of the Ambassador, they next got Geordy, to hear his version of the signs. 'Well, Geordy, how have you come on, and what do you think of yon man ?' 'The rascal !' says Geordy, 'what did he do first, think ye ? He held up one finger, as much as to say, you have only one eye ! Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was perhaps as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say that there were but three eyes between us ; and then I was so mad at the scoundrel, that I *steeked my neive*, and was to come a whack on the side of his head, and would ha' done it too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here ; but forsooth takes out an orange, as much as to say, your poor beggarly cold country cannot produce that ! I showed him a whang of a bear bannock, meaning that I did na' care a farthing for him nor his trash neither, as lang's I ha' this ! But by a' that's guid (concluded Geordy,) I'm angry yet that I didna' thrash the hide o' the scoundrel !'—(So much for signs, or two ways of telling a story.)

MR. KEAN AT NEW YORK.

We have been favoured with letters from New York to the 10th ult. The critiques of the American writers on his *debut* in Richard resemble those of London in variance of opinion. The *National Advocate* applauds him to the echo, and ascribes the hoarseness of his voice to the cold current of American air which rushes on the stage. The *Evening Post* is also his enthusiastic admirer. But *The American*

takes the opposite side, o. p. *versus* p. s. and accuses him of drawling in the dialogue as if he were weighing it in his study for public delivery, rather than delivering it to the public. They all agree, however, that though the evening was wet the theatre was crammed. The Othello, (his second part, which we think his best,) is not so well spoken of.

The private communications are more particular. One says that the only editor adverse to Kean is Johnson Oerplank, of the American, who is a relation of Cooper's ; and thus revenges some harsh criticisms upon Cooper written by a man named Agg (a friend of Maywood's, who plays with Kean.) Another states, that the audiences have been much divided in opinion—some admire Kean's excellency, while others revolt at his extraordinary manner and voice. Yet he improves so generally on acquaintance, that he has even moved the New York houses to shout bravo ! (a rare innovation on their heretofore sober critical fashion,) though they have not got the length of huzzaing and hat-waving, practised by the enlightened frequenters of Drury Lane. A third letter mentions that persons have come all the way from Philadelphia, (90 miles,) to see him perform : it is therefore no wonder that the temporary theatre should draw, as it has done, 1000 dollars per night, which it hardly did before in a week. Kean has renewed his engagement till January, and was on the 10th to act Lear for his own benefit. After closing at New York he goes to Philadelphia ; and we rejoice to hear that his habits are temperate and respectable.

SUPERSTITION.

Henry the III^d. summoned all the great men of the kingdom, 1247, to come to London on the festival of St. Edward, to receive an account of a certain *sacred benefit* which Heaven had lately bestowed on England. The singular strain of this summons excited the most eager curiosity, and brought great multitudes to London at the time

appointed. When they were assembled in St. Paul's Church, the King acquainted them, that the great Master of the Knights Templars had sent him, by one of his Knights, a *phial of crystal*, containing a small portion of the *precious blood* of CHRIST, which he had shed upon the cross for the salvation of the world, attested to be genuine by the seals of the Patriarchs of Jerusalem, of several Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, and other great men of the Holy Land! This he informed them he designed to carry the next day in solemn procession to Westminster, attended by them and all the clergy of London in their proper habits, with their banners, crucifixes, and wax-candles, and exhorted all who were present to prepare themselves for that sacred solemnity by spending the night in watching, fasting, and devout exercises. On the morrow, THE PROCESSION was put in order, and ready to set forward, the King approached the *Sacred Phial* with reverence, fear, and trembling—took it in both his hands, and holding it up higher than his face, proceeded under a canopy, two assistants supporting his arms! Such was the devotion of Henry on this occasion, that though the road between St. Paul's and Westminster was *very dirty and miry*, he kept his eyes constantly fixed on the *Phial* or on Heaven! When the procession approached Westminster, it was met by about one hundred monks of that Abbey, who conducted it into the church, where the King deposited the *venerable relic*, which (says the historian) made all England shine with glory, dedicating it to God and St. Edward, to the Church of St. Peter's Westminster, and the Monks of that Abbey!"

Henry details this fact, and it is one of the most singular events recorded in the History of England. Our ancestors seem to have been smitten with no small degree of superstition and folly. Nor can their descendants lay claim to the entire exercise of good sense in matters of religion. May the *glorious Gospel* speedily amend and beatify the world! This would render impotent the attacks of a blind and virulent infi-

delity. It is the union alone of *reason* and *piety* that is destined in the counsels of Heaven to regenerate mankind.

ANECDOTES RESPECTING THE LATE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

It has been mentioned in many of the public journals that a newspaper was *printed* on board the *Discovery* Ships in the late Northern Expedition. This is partly erroneous; no printing materials were on board. The fact was, each officer contributed some article (generally either an ingenious pleasantry, or else upon the subject of the expedition) unknown at the time to the rest of the crew. The whole being collected, were fairly copied out by a clerk, and thus was produced a newspaper in *writing* once a fortnight, to the great amusement of the crews.

A natural phenomenon occurred on board, which may be of peculiar interest to the admirers of Newton's principles of colours, of the truth of which it appears to be a remarkable confirmation. Near the stove was grown a considerable quantity of mustard and cress, which was highly useful on account of its anti-scorbutic qualities. In consequence of the privation of light during the winter, this vegetable as it grew was perfectly white, but when the summer returned, and the light was admitted to it through an aperture, it immediately bent in the direction of the light, and the tips became green, which colour gradually spread itself down the stalks.

The crews used every means, as may be supposed, to escape the cold. The cabins were kept at a moderate and comfortable warmth, which was always regulated by a thermometer. They were also air-tight, but whenever the exterior air gained admission, the intensity of the cold was so violently opposed to even the moderate warmth of that within, that it produced an effect which had the appearance of a fall of small snow which covered the floors.

The sailors generally wore masks, warmly lined, when upon deck. Upon their return below they were examined by their messmates, for fear there should be any white spots upon their faces. These white spots were the ef-

fects of the intense cold in congealing the blood, and if not attended to, were the forerunners of mortification; they were, therefore, immediately rubbed with snow, until the free circulation returned. Although their situation, in regard to climate, was of itself thus difficult to be sustained, other disheartening troubles were added—for a long period, previous to their return, they laboured under a scarcity of provisions. Four pounds, only, of meat weekly, were allowed to each man, and a very small glass of rum each day. The former was weighed, and the latter measured with the most scrupulous exactness. The conduct of the men under these circumstances was highly deserving of praise.

The officers suffered from the cold, particularly when changing their clothes for the performance of the play, being obliged to go into another cabin, the warm one being fitted up as the Theatre. This play was performed once a fortnight, and the time of its repetition

was looked forward to by the men with the utmost delight and impatience. The subject of the Drama related to the Expedition, and exhibited the numerous dangers they were to encounter in the voyage. Among others was displayed a desperate battle with the ferocious white bears, which of course ended in the destruction of those animals. Then succeeded an encounter with an enormous sea-horse, which, after giving ample scope to the palpitations of hope and fear, terminated in a similar manner. The successful passage of the ships into the Pacific Ocean was represented, and that the acquirement of the 20,000*l.* in London. There was also a sort of after act, which turned upon the different ways of getting rid of the money in that great city.

By the above, and other judicious means, Lieutenant Parry and his officers succeeded in their high and meritorious endeavours to keep the men in excellent spirits during their very long confinement.

TO THE RAINBOW.

By Thomas Campbell.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem as to my childhood's sight
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws.

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,

Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle east
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span.
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS ON HER BIRTH-DAY ; A SONG

Translated from the Bohemian.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

If any white-wing'd Power above
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love—
He surely bless'd that day.

I laugh'd (till taught by thee) when told
Of Beauty's magic powers,
That ripen'd life's dull ore to gold,
And changed its weeds to flowers.

My mind had lovely shapes pourtray'd ;
But thought I earth had one
Could make ev'n Fancy's visions fade
Like stars before the sun ?

I gaz'd, and felt upon my lips
Th' unfinish'd accents hang ;
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
To rapture chang'd each pang.

And though as swift as lightning's flash
Those tranced moments flew,
Not all the waves of time shall wash
Their memory from my view.

But duly shall my raptured song,
And gladly shall my eyes,
Still bless this day's return, as long
As thou shalt see it rise.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

LISTEN while sweet sounds creep
An angel's whispers seeming !
Such sounds as steal on sleep
When innocence lies dreaming.
A music in the still night
Awakens not, yet pleases,
Life steals away with life's delight
Scarcely heeded ere it ceases.

Ye dream of friends that shed
Balm on the broken-hearted—
Loves that in rosy beauty spread,
Then to the dust departed :
They came as morning's breath
Wafts incense from young flowers ;
They sank to earth in death,
Like drops of summer showers !

Yet where the dead rose lies
A precious seed reposes ;

The fallen shower supplies
Fresh life to other roses :
The memory of sweet mirth
Thus solaces our sorrow,
And those kind tears we give to earth
Shall raise new sweets to-morrow.

Listen !—for like the sound
Of music softly swelling
Is all that on our earth is found,
All that in life is dwelling.
It comes, it passes, and is gone,
Leaving no trace behind it,
Unless the lonely couch upon
In midnight dreams we find it.
Yet the loved shadows leave
A whispering comfort near ye,
As thus in winter's darkest eve
Sweet music comes to cheer ye.

V.

Paragraphs.

From the English Magazines, &c. Feb. 1821.

ANECDOTE.

J. SWARTS, a famous German painter, having engaged to execute a roof-piece in a public Town Hall, and to paint by the day, grew exceedingly negligent, so that the Magistrates and Overseers of the work were frequently obliged to hunt him out of the tavern. Seeing he could not drink in quiet, he the next morning stuffed a pair of stockings and shoes corresponding with those that he wore, hung them down betwixt his staging, where he sat to work, removed them a little once or twice a day, and took them down at noon and night ; and by means of this deception, drank a whole fortnight together, the innkeeper being privy to the plot. The Officers came in twice a day to look at him, and seeing a pair of legs hanging down, suspected nothing, but greatly extolled their convert Swarts as the most laborious and

conscientious painter in the world. Swarts had once finished an admirable painting of our Saviour's Passion, on a large scale, and in oil colours. Cardinal B----- was so pleased with it that he resolved to bring the Pope to see it. Swarts knew the day, and, determining to put a trick on the Pope and the Cardinal, painted over the oil, in fine water colours, the twelve Disciples at Supper ; but altogether by the ears, like the Lapithes and Centaurs. At the time appointed the Pope and Cardinal came to see the picture. Swarts conducted them to the room where it hung ; they stood amazed, and thought the painter mad. At length, says the Cardinal, "Idiot, dost thou call this a Passion?" "Certainly I do," said Swarts. "But," replied the Cardinal, "shew me the picture I saw when last here." "This is it," says Swarts, "for I

have no other finished in the house." The Cardinal angrily denied it was the same. Swarts, unwilling to carry the joke any further, requested that "they would retire a few minutes out of his room." They did so; and were no sooner gone, than Swarts, with a sponge and warm water, immediately obliterated the whole history in water colours! Then introducing the Pope and Cardinal, he presented a most beautiful picture of our Saviour's Passion. They stood astonished, and thought Swarts a necromancer. At last the painter explained the mystery; and then, as the old Chronicles say, "they knew not which to admire most, his wit or his work."

CLOSE REASONING.

A Lady nearly connected with one of the Queen's chief confidential advisers, was asked why she did not visit her Majesty? She replied,—"If the Queen is what she *ought* to be, I cannot aspire to the honour; if she is what she *ought not* to be, I will not submit to the disgrace."

The proprietors of coach horses, in snowy weather, should cause their horses' hoofs to be rubbed with soft soap before they set out. This will prevent the snow from gathering into a ball, and the animals will perform their journeys with much more facility.

Two rather singular weddings were recently solemnised at the parish church of St. Bride's Minor, viz.—a father and his son to a mother and her daughter.

A raised Pie, the pastry tastefully ornamented with leaves, flowers, &c. of the same materials, was made in Sheffield for the Hotel Tavern in that town, last week, and placed in the Christmas larder. It contained two brace of partridges, one brace of pheasants, one brace of hares, one brace of wild ducks, a couple of tame ducks, three plovers, two tongues, three pounds of rump steaks, and one brace of pigeons.

At the recent anniversary of the Whitehaven Philosophical Society, two specimens of meat cured with the pyroligneous acid were exhibited by one of the members. They were prepared on the 7th of September, 1819; one was hung up at home, and the other sent out by a vessel to the West Indies, to try the effect of climate upon it, and brought back on the return of the ship to that port. They were pronounced by all present who tasted them to be perfectly fresh, sweet, and fit for use, after a lapse of fifteen months.

THE POOR.

It has often been remarked, that the poor have, in many instances, displayed a great dislike to the mode of receiving charity by soup, and it may be from the following defect in making it, viz.—the crude moisture of the turnip, carrot, and other vegetables, which forms too large a part of its composition, is deleterious and unwholesome, and renders the soup flatulent and indigestible, and it becomes, therefore, as a frequent meal, very disagreeable and disgusting; to remedy this, let all the vegetables be cut in pieces, and previously boiled a few minutes in separate water; this mode will extract the baneful quality, improve the flavour, and render the soup more wholesome, as well as

more nutritious and palatable. When potatoes are dressed by a steamer, and the water underneath used at the same time for boiling meat, or other food, the foregoing practical remark is equally applicable; the moisture dropping from the potatoe being pernicious, renders the water underneath unfit for such purposes.

FEMALE HEROISM.

A few days since, two young ladies were left by their parents in care of a country house, a few miles from Abingdon, together with two maid-servants and a footboy. They were roused in the night by the boy's telling them the house was on fire; they instantly rose, called the maids and got buckets. The fire being inaccessible to the water, one of the sisters fell to work with a pick-axe to batter down the wall of the drawing-room to put it out; the other threw a pelisse over her night clothes, went into the stable, saddled a cart-horse, took the footboy behind her, and, provided with a dinner-bell, rode off ringing and screaming for assistance at the public-house, parsonage, &c. till she roused all the neighbours, who came with buckets, &c. and extinguished the fire, which had been prevented from extending, through the exertions of her sister. The drawing-room furniture only was destroyed, and the premises were insured. The Insurance Office were so pleased with the astonishing conduct of these young ladies, that they replaced every thing in the handsomest manner, even to the pelisse. They are delicate accomplished girls of 18 and 20.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINNÆUS.

There has lately been discovered accidentally, among the papers of a shopkeeper, a biographical account of Linnæus, written by himself, and since continued to his death. The autograph MS. which is in the Swedish language, has been sent to Upsal, and will speedily be printed. It will form a book of 500 pages in 8vo. embellished with six engravings, exhibiting two portraits of the great naturalist, a fac simile of his handwriting, his monument in the Cathedral church, and the arms of his family.

THEODORIC, ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE.

This Prelate was illustrious in his time for his talents, erudition, and morals. One day the Emperor Sigismund asked of him instructions to obtain happiness. "We cannot, Sire, expect it in this world." "Which, then, is the way to happiness hereafter?" "You must act virtuously." "What do you mean by that expression?" "I mean," said Theodoric, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct which you promise to do whilst you are labouring under a fit of the gout."

TURKISH IDEAS OF HONESTY.

An officer belonging to the Court of the Pacha of Egypt, died lately at Medina. When he died, no property belonging to him could be found, except a few piastres in his pocket. Soon after, a woman came to the Palace with a bag of 800 piastres in sequins, saying that the officer had left it with her, and had never called to take it back. The Pacha took the bag and put the woman in prison accusing her of concealing more than she had given up. A Turk cannot conceive that a person can be honest.

A young couple appeared, on Sunday last, in the church of St. Giles, near Torrington, in Devonshire, to be united in Hymen's bands, and, at the moment the clergyman was saying, "What God joineth together let no man put asunder," two men hurried up to the altar and seized the bridegroom by the collar. The minister called upon them for an explanation of their conduct, when they declared themselves constables, sent to apprehend the bridegroom as a runaway apprentice, and instantly conveyed the youth to prison, leaving the weeping and disappointed bride in tears.

THE GREAT PEDESTRIAN MATCH COMPLETED.—Mr. Arnot, a Somersetshire yeoman, started on the North road on Wednesday se'nnight, to do 264 miles in four days, which is far beyond the compass of the powers of a horse. His first stage was to Dorchester in Oxfordshire, and from thence he took a north-eastward route to Nottingham; from thence to Doncaster, and back to Lincolnshire, where he completed the extraordinary undertaking, at 11 o'clock on Saturday se'nnight, although the weather was much against him. The 1st day he completed

72 miles in nineteen hours.

Second day 69 ditto in twenty hours.

Third day 68 ditto in twenty hours.

Fourth day 55 ditto in twenty-one hours.

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The pedestrian was much distressed on the third day, but he took much time to do the last day's work. His blistered feet were relieved by worsted being drawn through the blisters, which was left in.

CHILD STRIPPING.

A few days since, a little boy, belonging to Mr. Davis, of Red-cross-street, Borough, was decoyed away by an old woman (who spoke with an Irish accent), who gave the child apples, and persuaded him to accompany her up some mews, where she pretended to have a rocking-horse which she would give him. Here the old delinquent stripped the poor child of all its clothes, and went away, promising to return soon with a new suit. In the meantime the boy was missed by his parents, and Smith, a constable of the Borough, was sent to make inquiries respecting him; he found him, towards the evening, in the care of a cowkeeper, named Thomas, at Burmondsey, who had been attracted to the stable by the poor little boy's cries.

GREAT SKAITING MATCH.

Thursday, at one o'clock, the match for 100 guineas, to skait a mile in three minutes was decided. The person selected to perform the match appears to have been a countryman in the neighborhood of the fens. He started a few seconds before the time, and came up in speed to the scratch at the moment appointed, and performed the distance seven seconds under the three minutes. Considerable bets were depending on the match, and the result has surprised most persons. Indeed the speed is extraordinary, when compared with the first race-horses recorded in sporting annals. The Bacon course is four miles round, and is generally performed in seven minutes, fifteen or twenty seconds; but it is recorded that Flying Childers, for a considerable wager, being put to his utmost

speed from the moment of starting, accomplished it in five minutes seventeen seconds.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.

A match which stands unequalled in the annals of sporting, was decided in the High-street, Hammersmith, about three o'clock last Monday afternoon. A master baker living in the town, had betted a guinea with his neighbour, that he and his mastiff would draw his bread-barrow with twenty quarter loaves in it, a mile and a half, and do the ground in less time than any stage-coach that passed the town (the baker to have his choice) between one and three o'clock, provided the horses did not break into a gallop. The baker started against the last coach (the Blue-Eyed Maid), to the infinite amusement of several hundred spectators, and surprise of Jarvis, who was not in the secret, and who, determined not to be beat by what he called an ass and a dog, drove on furiously; but his horses invariably broke into a gallop, when he was requested to stop and canter, that being the terms of the agreement. He good-humouredly complied; but the ground which he so lost enabled the baker to get so far ahead, that *Coaches* could not overtake him, and he finally travelled the ground in a much shorter time, and won his wager.

EMPLOYMENT FOR PAUPERS.

For some time past the applications of paupers for relief to the parish of St. Giles, having become very numerous, and a great many of the applicants being able-bodied healthy young men, the overseers hit upon a mode of either getting rid of them or making them earn money to supply their immediate wants. Accordingly, when the applications were made for relief by this class of persons, the overseers, who had a great quantity of ground oyster shells in the parish, determined on the following method of proving who were the most industrious persons, and finding out the most indolent. Every man who had a desire of earning a shilling or eighteen pence, a pair of shoes, or other article of clothing, was to agree to the proposal of carrying a bushel basket full of the ground oyster-shells from the workhouse to Finchley and back again, the completion of which would entitle him to a supply of his immediate wants. Several who undertook this performed the task, and were consequently considered the industrious, and paid; but others, "the indolent," took off the baskets but never returned to the workhouse. By these means the overseers have ridded themselves of a number of idle intruders.

LITERARY.

Among the most important works announced for publication is the life of the late Mr. Pitt, by the present Lord Bishop of Winchester. It will form several volumes in 4to.

Mr. SOUTHEY has just finished a new Poem, entitled *The Vision of Judgment*.

The public will learn with much pleasure that Mrs. JOANNA BAILLIE has nearly ready for publication, her *Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters*.

The Rev. ROBERT MATURIN's Poem, entitled *The Universe*, will appear in the course of the present month.

Miss PORDEN is preparing for publication a Poem in sixteen books, called *Cœur-de-Lion*, or the Third Crusade.

Lady MORGAN's work on Italy is at length sent to the press.